MY GRAY GULF

WILLIAM MARION REEDY

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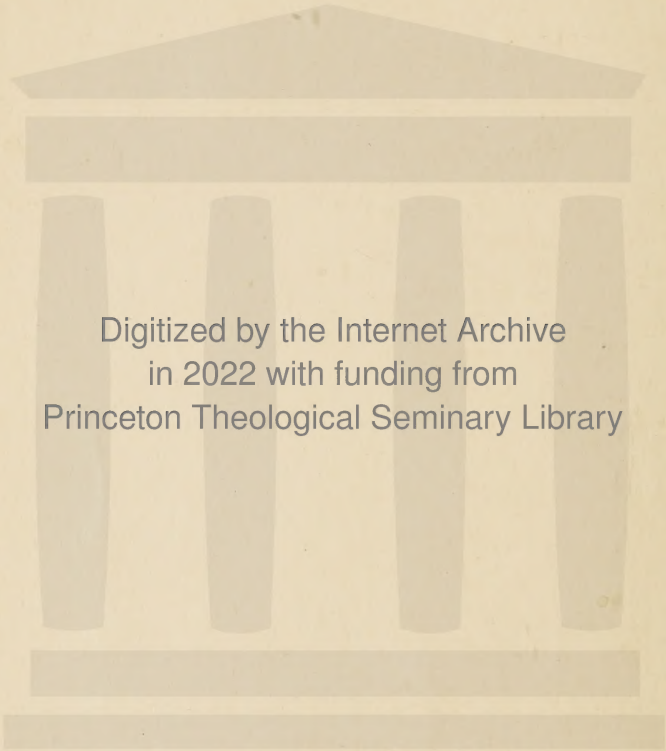
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JAN 1933

My Gray Gull

and Other Essays

By
WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY

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To

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN,

ERUDITE SCHOLAR, GREAT TEACHER, UNIVERSITY BUILDER;
INSPIRING FRIEND OF MY MATURE YEARS.

And To

My Little Sister,

JULIA ISABELLA:

PLAYMATE OF MY CHILDHOOD;
NOW NEARLY SIXTY YEARS IN HEAVEN.

FOREWORD

In selecting this volume's essays from a large amount of material, the aim has been diversity of subject, mood and atmosphere rather than uniformity of quality. The result is a miscellany, part of it the product of long study and reflection; other parts in lighter vein, impromptu, informal, spontaneous, and all alike imbued with sincerity of purpose and pervaded by rational assurance of faith.

Contemplating the possibility that this may be the author's final volume, he sees in it, as in his previous books, nothing that demands retraction or apology.

My Gray Gull and *The Religion of Life* contain the matured conclusions and convictions of a long, studious, sedulous, and deliberating life, listening to all voices, hearing all sides, impressed most with the purblind crass credulity of unbelief.

W. V. K.

ON ALL ACCOUNTS

We cannot be too decisive in our faith,
Conclusive and exclusive in its terms.

What brings out the best of me and bears me fruit
In power, peace, pleasantness and length of days?
I find that positive belief does this
For me, and unbelief no whit of this.

Well now, there's one great form of Christian faith
I happened to be born in,—which to teach
Was given me as I grew up, on all hands,
As best and readiest means of living by;
The same on examination being proved
The most pronounced, moreover, fixed, precise
And absolute form of faith in the whole world—
Accordingly, most potent of all forms
For working on the world.

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And hath so far advanced thee to be wise.

—*Robert Browning.*

I

MY GRAY GULL

"My gray gull lifts wings against the nightfall and takes the dim leagues with a fearless eye." Many years I have carried that sentence in my mental vest pocket, taking it out often to show it to others.

About thirty years ago William James, of Harvard, told of a little-known man whose remarkable philosophical acumen he praised, and exhibited by sample quotations. In one passage the man narrated his experience under ether in two surgical operations, in which he noted with a psychologist's power of self-observation the behavior of his faculties while passing into and emerging from unconsciousness.

By some subtle mental or spiritual process, incommunicable to others, but conclusive to him, that experience wrought in him a clear and firm conviction of his own indestructibility. "And so," concluded Professor James' gray-headed rural philosopher, facing the hereafter, confident of personal immortality—"and so my gray gull lifts wings against the nightfall and takes the dim leagues with a fearless eye." That sentence is a gem of literary artistry.

An Artist's Studio

Looking at the prize-winning pictures of Paul King, well-known New York-Philadelphia artist, in his Philadelphia studio, I said to him, "You paint pictures with colors, literary art paints pictures with words. What think you of this as a picture?" Then I repeated slowly the sentence about the gray gull lifting gray wings at gray nightfall for flight over gray sea, under gray sky, taking the dim gray leagues—a color symphony in gray, the tones harmonious with the meaning. Paul King, the artist, agreed with me that the sentence is a perfect work of verbal art, unsurpassed for shading and truthfulness. As to its accuracy and fidelity to fact, I think I know that, of all adjectives in the dictionary, "fearless" best befits the eye of the sea-gull. Again and again on shipboard, standing at the stern, I watched the bird following close after the ensign-staff in straight, level, effortless flight at unvarying distance, as if tied to the staff by invisible thread. And what I noticed most in that lone sea-bird was the calm, steady, unflinching pair of eyes fixed fearlessly on me.

A similarly paintable word-picture of old Cavalier days, a symphony of green and brown, long ago fixed itself in my pictorial memory:

"An armed Cavalier at close of day
Halting his steed beneath a tavern sign
To quaff a beaker of the landlord's wine,
With quip and toast and merry roundelay.

"The little bar-maid, with her cheeks aflame,
Listening his way side wit the while her feet
Stir idle circles in the dust and beat
A low refrain, half pleasure and half shame.

"High overhead the quivering aspens whirled
By evening winds, and over dale and down
The highway winding to some happy town
Beyond the purple borders of the world."

That too, differing much from the Gray Gull, is a word picture little short of perfection. An artist could easily reproduce it in colors on canvas. The last two lines are consummate in their bright assurance of a happy town on beyond, just out of sight. From any road-house on life's highway the cheerful twilight traveler may take the road to Happy Town, beyond the purple borders of the world. Oh, quenchless expectation of the deathless human soul!

Assurance of immortality comes variously to different minds. Among the pictures in my mental gallery are two little boys, grandsons of Joel Wheeler, in whose hospitable home I was guest for a month in the autumn of 1873 as temporary pastor of Asbury Church, Buffalo. Two very human incidents in that grand-paternal home remain vivid. The little chaps were saving pennies to build a playhouse in the backyard the next spring. Comparing their growing piles, the younger said, with calculation in his eye, "Whoever gets the lottest money will have the mostest half of the house." That was the natal day of

competitive acquisitiveness, visibly reaching after gain, the instinct for self-aggrandizement, showing itself early.

Most memorable of all while I was in that home was the day when the baby emerged from babyhood into his first pair of trousers. His Majesty paraded and pranced through the house with menacing self-importance. The strut of that pompous man-child was awesome. With health and a day he was, like Emerson, making the pomp of emperors ridiculous. One might go far to find a parallel, and recall not unfittingly Macaulay's lines on "Rome's proudest day," when "the splendor of her mighty pomp wound down the sacred way, and past the bellowing forum and through the echoing grove up to the everlasting gates of capitolian Jove." The absurd little youngster on that epochal transition day was ludicrous, touching, altogether lovely. One would think his mother might have felt her baby beginning to slip away from her into something new and strange but for her pride in his normal growth; and, besides, a mother never loses her babe; on earth or in heaven he is forever *her baby*. She can still feel her unborn child stirring under her heart in years far on when he is a middle-aged man. When that rugged South-American captain of salvation and apostle of civil and religious liberty in benighted lands, Dr. Thomas B. Wood, my fellow-student at Wesleyan University, came home, a grizzled

graybeard, to visit his mother, he was waked in the middle of the night by someone feeling of the bedclothes in the dark. Half awake, he knew whose godlike hands they were, and heard the dearest of earthly voices saying, "My boy, have you covers enough?" The valiant warrior, scarred veteran of many a fight with papal powers of darkness, ignorance and superstition, was still her baby: she must tuck him in. Dear Tom Wood ("Broad West," we Easterners called the big fellow at Wesleyan) told me that sweet, tender story, his voice trembling with pathos, in Saint John's parsonage, Brooklyn, at midnight one Sunday, setting my heart aquiver.

I have wandered far. Back now for a moment to Buffalo and the two memorable, immortal laddies in the Wheeler home. When the older boy came to manhood, incipient consumption drove him to the West. When Colorado failed to arrest the disease, he came home to die. In his last days the young man said, "Mother, I know I'm immortal. I can't tell how I know, but I *know* it." He was as positive as Emerson, who said, "I do not know whether you are immortal, but I do know that I shall live forever." And with that great Browningesque affirmation on his lips the dear boy's spirit "lifted wings against the nightfall and took the dim leagues with a fearless eye." Though neither philosopher nor poet, nor exceptionally bright, he could say, "I know" as positively as they. Humble

souls by millions know as much. The other day a plain man dying quickly of pneumonia at fifty-five in his Maplewood, New Jersey, home, said, "Isn't it wonderful to be able to face the unseen with a cheer?" echoing Browning's "Greet the unseen with a cheer."

A Summer Vacation

During the summer of 1916 I was watching over three sick persons, strangers to each other, hundreds of miles apart, whom Providence committed to my care. One, a homeless woman of sixty, remnant of a family in which I had ministered to four generations, was dying slowly with painful disease in a small private sanitarium at Marblehead. Once a fortnight I spent three days in Boston, going daily to Marblehead to comfort the sufferer, spending as long a time at her bedside as her condition permitted.

(It was at that bedside that I found again, after years of absence, my marvelous soldier girl, Norman Derr, lieutenant in the French army, furloughed for two months to comfort her saintly aunt and godmother, from whose last days "Mademoiselle Miss" learned far better how to die than her "black pearl-fisher from Guadeloupe," dying for France in her hospital at the front, could show her. Unutterable joy it was to Llangollen's half-century friend to recover that adorable child, born at Llangollen, New Brunswick, known to him from her birth. Four

years later, sick and alone in a distant city, she cried to me by wire: "I need you desperately. When and where can I find you?" Instantly the wire flashed back, "Come here." And Le Bon Dieu gave my Norman, broken and ill from scarlet fever, and the awful strain of four years of frightful war, into my care for the saving of life and reason—no more sacred privilege in all my eighty years. Thus through many weeks of nursing the bond was tightened between that brilliant child of thirty years and the minister to three generations in her family before she was born. Soul of my soul, her mother says she is. A bishop once called himself the son of my soul. Hush! Pull down the curtain. This grows too intimate and holy for publicity. Thus a merciful Heaven makes amends to a childless man who prizes proxy-fatherhood.)

One day when I was at that Marblehead bedside, the longed-for end not far away, the sufferer said to me: "I wish I had something of mine to give you, but in my wandering life I have dropped everything. Would you care to have that picture pinned on the wall yonder?" It was an unframed photo-copy of a noted painting of a gull flying out over the sea. I answered: "Oh, Katie, you do not know what you are doing. That picture is loaded with meaning for me. Nothing you could give me would be valued more." Then I told her the story of William James' gray-haired philosopher, to whose preg-

nant, picturesque sentence the picture she was giving me might have suggested its figure of speech. I took her gift back home with me from my last visit to her, and for seven years after Norman Derr and her father and I had laid the tortured body in the distant family burying place beyond Llangollen, I kept that gull picture on my study wall, and often, when not equal to writing or reading, I sat in my easy-chair resting my eyes on that fearless, feathered aeronaut and meditating on wings and immortality. The picture was destroyed in the fire which consumed my library and endangered my life, December 31, 1922.

Conscious of wings, poised for far flight, expectant of spacious destiny the human spirit is, in all sorts and conditions of men. "I thought I was about to sprout my wings," said Captain Lund, of the Osceola, on Saint John's River, on his second trip after dangerous pneumonia, standing on deck and pointing out to his passengers the eagles' nests in tall trees along the river. O eagles and sea-gulls, ye are not winged for endless flight as we waddling, toddling pedestrians, immortal mortals, are.

At Fourscore

Dying is as natural as being born, and each is entrance on a larger life. At four score one may say with the master-poet of the nineteenth century:

"I go to prove my soul,
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
God guides me and the birds,
I shall arrive."

And with the rural philosopher, "My gray gull lifts its wings against the nightfall and takes the dim leagues with a fearless eye."

But for supreme assurance we listen to One august, imperial, transcendently Authoritative Voice sounding from Calvary and Olivet and now from the Heaven of heavens: "Because I live ye shall live also. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." To that assurance of the divine Truthteller, John Bunyan, with his last breath, responded, "Take me, for I come to thee." Having pondered long and listened to all voices, I will take His word, "Ye shall live also," against all the futile folk who set up blatant nescience in denial of Christ's supreme and infinite certitude. I have not found His equal in knowledge, truthfulness, and wisdom. "All other ground is sinking sand."

II

THE RELIGION OF LIFE

"The Christian bell, the cry from off the mosque, and vaguer voices of polytheism, make but one music."

So sang Tennyson, and, so saying, sang amiss. If he had said that these various religions are born of the same needs and cravings in human nature and are manifestations of man's spiritual capacities, he would have spoken truly. But there is no such equality among religions as his words imply. In no sense do the Christian church bell and the muezzin's cry and the polyphonic Babel of polytheism "make the same music" or sound alike to the ear or to the soul.

To note only one difference—not to woman's ears do the Mohammedan muezzin and the Christian-church bell sound alike. The muezzin means the Turkish harem, with its semi-imprisonment, its miscellaneousness, its lack of refinement, education, and purity. The bell means the Christian home, with its freedom, its dignity, its honor, and the sort of womanhood that could make college boys call the graceful daughters of a certain university professor "the evidences of Christianity." The cry from off the minaret of

the mosque suggests the difference between a harem and a home, a difference vast and abysmal.

And not to woman's ears do the "voices of polytheism make the same music" as the Christian bell. In India, that land which is a squirming nest of polytheisms, the zenanas, with their segregated, shut-in and suppressed women, and the senselessly cruel customs which oppress widows and children, do not remind Rudyard Kipling of the home he was born in and the Christian homes with which he is familiar any more than the harsh conch-shells blowing from the temples their raucous call to come and worship idols which grated in his ears one Christmas Day, reminded him of the holy cheer of London's Christmas chimes, or than the vile rites of the obscenely hideous temples of Benares resemble the pure and ennobling worship of Westminster.

On one of my visits to the famous New Hampshire school, Phillips-Exeter, an oppressive silence befell in the after-service when the boys were expected to question the visiting speaker about anything in his address or in their own minds. Not one question, and this visitor had to break the silence. Knowing that school to be a feeder for Harvard, he began: "At Harvard University [the boys pricked up their ears] there was a professor who had three very beautiful daughters [expectancy on every face]. What do you suppose the students called those girls? [A pause to let the boys wonder.] They called

them *The Evidences of Christianity.* [A long pause to let the boys ponder.] Wasn't it fine in those university men to think of the girls in that way?" Then the visitor leaned toward his audience, settled to his task and drove the lesson home, saying, "Yes, it was fine, but the best thing about it was that it is *true,* everlastingly and world-widely TRUE. It is perfectly fair to judge any system of thought, morals, or religion by its effects and products in character and life. Earth's One Infallible Teacher settled that: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'" And the superiority of Christian womanhood, commanding honor and deference from men, is one of the chief Evidences of Christianity.

"Vaguer" is an apt adjective for Tennyson to apply to "the voices of polytheism," though their vileness is far from being vague. Even Rabindranath Tagore, though at times more Christian than pagan, is vague, dreamy, indefinite, rose-misty.

The laureate would have spoken truth if he had said that the ethnic and pagan religions compare with Christianity about as the music of their lands compares with the music of Christian countries. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York city there is the largest and completest possible collection of musical instruments from many tribes and nations and lands, ancient and modern. Compare not only rude, primitive instruments of ancient barbarian peoples, but

the gongs and tom-toms of modern pagan nations with the perfection achieved in the piano and the violin. What have the Christless nations to show alongside the orchestras and choirs which render the great Christian anthems and chants and oratorios, like Haydn's "Creation" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Handel's "Messiah" with its Hallelujah Chorus, in which you can hear the morning stars singing together and the sons of God shouting for joy? Take the most miraculous of instruments and listen to its incredible capabilities. Imagine a Stradivarius in the hands of Ole Bull. See what Paganini can do with only a single string. To show what can be done, he stands before a great audience and draws his bow across the strings so sharply as to break one string. The audience mutters its surprise. He does the same with every string save one, while the angry audience groans its amazement and disgust. Only one string left, one string *and* Paganini! A hush falls on the crowded house, until in the painful silence the sound of that one lone, forlorn string is heard. "And now 'twas like all instruments, now like a lonely flute; and now 'twas like an angel's song that bade the heavens be mute." He worked miracle on miracle of instrumentation, simply to show how much music is latent in one string, and how easily a master can bring it out; just as the Master, Christ, can take one individual soul, like Charles Wesley's, or F. W. Faber's, or

Mary A. Lathbury's, and evoke from it a music which shall ripple like the morning in the farthest horizons of the world, and live through ages, and wake the echoes of the stellar spaces.

We think it would not have been unfair to say to Tennyson that the cry of the muezzin from the minaret of the mosque and the polyphonic Babel of polytheism compare with the Christian bell about as their musical instruments and compositions and vocalizations compare with the high and exquisite perfection, the almost divine harmonies, suggestive of the music of the spheres, which genius has achieved under the refining and elevating influence of Christian ideals, the stimulus of the Christian aspiration toward perfection, and of the joyousness which has been singing in the world since the angels sang over Bethlehem on the night of the nativity—the joy begotten of the hallowed glory of the Christian faith, and by the knowledge that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, "Christian Perfection," which is, as Bishop Birney says, the "Great Expectation" in character, is also seen in the superexcellence of Christian music. What non-Christian people have produced anything like "the molded notes of Mendelssohn"? If, as has been said, "music is the solace of the gods for all the ills of life," then the gods of non-Christian peoples have provided small solace for them. A brilliant anti-Christian critic, speaking of art generally,

whether in music, or painting, or sculpture, or literature, unconsciously offers testimony and tribute to Christianity when he says, "In judging artists of every kind I make use of this one test question, 'Has the hatred of life or the love of life been at work here?' Is the artist cynical or enthusiastic toward life, deficient in or exuberant of life?" The critic's doctrine is that high quality and potency in art are born of "superabundance of life." By his use of almost the exact words of Christ, even this Christless critic unintentionally brings into view and sets in the foreground Him who said, "I am come that the world may have life more abundant." Part of the fulfillment of that promise is seen in the primacy and perfection of Christian art in music and in other realms.

"The Christian bell," which Tennyson's careless words seem to lower to the Moslem's level, and lower still to the conch-shell's screech, has never yet been duly celebrated. Its melody and meaning cast a heavenly spell. What a subduing, solemnizing, and sanctifying spell fell over Syracuse in the evening half-hours, when, during the month of preparation for the Billy Sunday campaign, the chimes of the city shook down upon streets and homes in the twilight the sacred influence of such tunes as "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow"!

Ernest Renan, whenever he revisited the village of his birth, even in his most sceptical years, felt the spell of the church spire with its bells hushing his heart with a back-flow of the reverent religion of his childhood, and his soul renewed its obeisance to the church as the abiding emblem and exponent of the highest vocation of man. To a devoted daughter, watching for her sick mother's final breath, the sweet-toned bell in the tower of the village church at Clifton Springs, calling through the dusk to evening prayers, seemed like the bells of the Celestial City, ringing to welcome her saintly mother home to the life eternal. Conch-shell or Christian bell? Can any human being who has heard both and knows their meaning hesitate which of them to choose?

Christianity's Superiority

In *numerous* particulars Christianity is unduplicated, unparalleled, unapproached. The *sum total* of those particulars makes the gospel stand alone, gives it a place preeminent, transcendent, *supreme.*

(a) It *alone* has the full, clear revelation of the *Fatherhood of God,* with its corollary, *the brotherhood of man.*

(b) It *alone* shows a *Saviour who dies, the just for the unjust, to bring men to God.* Neither Vyasa, Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, nor Mohammed makes for himself the claim, nor his disciples for him, that he is without sin, and

that as the one Sinless One, he dies an atoning death for the sins of the whole world. For no founder of any pagan or ethnic faith is such a claim made.

(c) Because of these and *other* distinguishing contents and elements of the Christian revelation, certifying its incomparable divineness, the gospel's gloriousness is unapproached.

(d) But its *most singular and separating claim* is that a dead and buried Man is the source and ever-living sustainer of the world's spiritual life. This was Christ's declaration concerning himself: "I am the resurrection and the life," "I am the life." This, also from the first, was the claim of his disciples and apostles for him: "He is risen from the dead, and is alive forevermore;" and they sealed that declaration with their blood. The great apostle testified, "It is Christ that liveth in me," and preached to the early Christians, "Christ is your life."

The Religion of Life

"Christianity the Religion of Life" is a claim not difficult to substantiate. No other religion so identifies itself with life, or is so vitalizing and energizing to all man's nobler powers, as is the religion of Christ. And this is one of the reasons why it will *survive and spread and conquer*. Andreyev, the Russian, says: "Life is bound to triumph, and only that which makes for abundance of life can abide. I never believed

in the supremacy of life so much as when I read the works of Schopenhauer, the father of pessimism. Since a man could think so gloomily and bitterly about life as he did, and yet consent to live, continue to live, and prefer to live, it is evident that life is mighty and unconquerable. . . . Not systems nor views nor theories will conquer. Only that which is united with life will conquer: that which strengthens the roots and motives of life and justifies it. Only that which is useful in life continues and remains; all that is harmful to it will inevitably perish, sooner or later. Even if the harmful thing stands to-day as an indestructible wall against which the heads of the noblest peoples are breaking in the struggle, it will fall to-morrow; it will fall because it wanted to impede and restrict *life,* the *fullness and freedom of life.*"

What the world decides about life it will decide about Christ. Not till it rejects life will it reject him. Nothing short of the universal and final denial of the wish for life and the will to live can bring about the rejection of Christianity. The ultimate supremacy of Jesus over the world rests on the verdict of life, and the love of life is sure to insure the final world-wide acceptance of the gospel of Christ. Only universal pessimism and hatred of life could prevent that, however slow and wavering the progress seems to us short-lived creatures of myopic vision, faint courage, and of little faith.

Is it not true that the most central, fundamental, tenacious, and universal of human instincts is the *love of life?* Richard Jeffries, in his *Story of My Heart,* tells us that there was a time when a weary restlessness came upon him. He thirsted for some pure, fresh springs of thought and feeling. An instinctive longing drove him to the sea. To get to the sea at some quiet spot was his one desire. And this is what he did: "The great sun shone above, the wide sea was before me, the wind came sweet and strong from the waves. The life of the sea and the glow of the sun filled me. I touched the surge with my hands, I lifted my face to the sun, I opened my lungs to the wind. I was in love with life. Then I prayed; yes, I prayed aloud in the roar of the waves." And what was his prayer? This: "*Give me fullness of life,* like to the sea, and the sun, and the earth, and the air, clean and strong and sweet. And give me also greatness and health and perfection of *soul* above all things." That was and is the craving of the normal man. "*Fullness of life*" is his cry. Not to be less, but to be more. Life, the life which is life indeed. He cannot get enough of it. Insatiable is the lover of life.

A *few* repudiate and reject life; but that is unnatural and insane. The number of suicides does not exceed the number of lunatics. And no one, whether sane or insane, flings life away until it seems no longer life but a living death.

It is not life that they hate. Alfred Tennyson's lines are true:

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Hath ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life of which our veins are scant,
Oh, life, not death, for which we pant,
More life and fuller that we want."

In one widespread religion there is a special inferiority. Buddhism, longing for nonexistence, is subvital, a sickly mood, a soul-disabling depression, lacking hope and courage. It is melancholia made into a religion, the morbid, unwholesome, and unnatural cult of a desire to perish. A dejected lot are the pilgrims of Tibet, marching to Lhassa, but seeking the road to Nowhere and Nothingness, droning their lifeless chant:

"Turn the wheel and beat the drum
Till we to Nirvana come,"

and worshiping by mechanism. Wheel-prayer rimes with wheel-chair and suggests invalidism and disablement. It is inconceivable that the human race can find its home in Mohammedanism or Buddhism. A great All-India Convention of Religions was held at Allahabad. Hinduism, Islamism, Jainism, Zoroastrianism, Judaism, and Theosophy were all strongly represented. But it was agreed, by general consent, that the only message that "struck warm" was the witness of the Indian Christians to the love and power

of Christ. To that testimony a sympathetic chord of response vibrated in all hearts. And, at the close of the Convention, the Hindu secretary exclaimed, *"The one thing that we could not have dispensed with was the Christian contribution."* Turning my eyes toward heathendom this is what happened to me:

"Sudden, before my inward open vision,
Millions of faces crowded up to view,
Sad eyes that said, 'For us is no provision;
Give us your Saviour too.'

"'Give us,' they cry, 'your cup of consolation;
Never to our outreaching hands 'tis passed;
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And, oh, we die so fast!'"

Dr. Camden M. Cobern, discussing the ancient philosophy of Wang Yang Ming, notes the devitalizing influence of the deadening delusion called Buddhism on even the modern thought of China and Japan. Give mankind their choice between fullness of life and extinction of life: which will they choose? The Christian duty is to put the choice before them.

Real Life

Man wants a life which is real. "Lay hold on eternal life," wrote Paul to Timothy. "Lay hold on the life which is life indeed," one Revised Version renders it. The demand for reality is distinctive. The craving is sometimes dormant, sometimes active and insistent, as seen

not only in high-browed philosophers searching for the Ultimate Reality, sounding for the Weltgrund, but even sometimes in little children making first acquaintance with the world in which they find themselves. A baby was in his mother's arms at sunset. The mother tells the story:

"The sunset glow was fading. My baby boy with me,
Watching the glorious shading of brilliant clouds parading,
Looked up; and then as if to ken what older eyes could see,
Said, *'Mamma, is it true? Is it true, all true—*
The purple and gold and blue?'

"And what could I say to my little boy blue,
Except, *'It is true, Sweetheart, all true'?*
And the dear head nestling upon my breast,
The eyelids drooping to joyful rest,
The lips, as if a tryst to keep,
Said, *'Please, mamma, put me up there to sleep.'"*

Another day when the baby was a bit older he was on his father's knee hearing the Christmas story read from the Great Book. The father says:

"The Bible closing slowly, the boy upon my knee,
Seeing the manger lowly enfold the Christ-child holy,
Looked up again as if to ken what older thoughts must be.
'But, papa, is it true? Is it all, all true?'

"And what could I say to those eager eyes, blue,
Except, *'It is true, Sweetheart, all true'?*
And his eyes grew brighter with faith's keen sight,
And his cheeks aglow with Hope's warm light,

His lips, with Love's unsullied joy,
Said, 'Papa, tell Jesus I'll be his boy.'

"So, with the old, old story, of unseen things above,
That blessed boy story of Jesus and his glory,
There came to me, from Galilee, in Jesus' voice of love,
His promise, unbeguiled, of heaven, undefiled,
If I too become a child."

Thus, mother, father, and child, seeking the true and the real, rested together in Jesus, the Christ, the real-life giver.

Abundant Life

Take him all in all, in superb physique, robust mentality, and affluent red-blooded temperament, Phillips Brooks, with the swift onrush of his impassioned speech and in the total power of his tremendous appeal, was probably the most majestic figure in the American pulpit in his day. In Philadelphia and the regions round about, in the years when he was rector of Holy Trinity Church and Matthew Simpson was resident bishop, there was mighty apostolic preaching from those two royal ambassadors of Jesus Christ, both of them manifestly in the apostolic succession. Possibly Phillips Brooks knew as well as any man of his generation what Christianity is. The world recognized him as an embodiment of it. He was a massive and majestic Christian. Also he probably understood what was the mission of Christ in the world, the

errand on which the Son of God came from heaven. He has left his statement. Toward the end of his life he said he had had, in reality, only one text in all his ministry. He had been an incessant and insatiable preacher, eager to preach seven days in the week. Few men have preached as many sermons as he. Hundreds of them are in printed volumes on our shelves. Each sermon is headed with a different text. Yet, essentially, substantially, in reality, one text would cover the whole, the words of Jesus in John 10. 10: "I am come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly." That was the meaning of the gospel Phillips Brooks preached. It was the gospel of a more abundant life. Bishop William F. McDowell, being asked what were the subjects of his nine baccalaureate sermons as chancellor of Denver University, said: "I had different texts, but my only subject was Jesus Christ, the Life-giver."

Christ Has "Made Good"

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Many centuries have passed since that declaration was made by the Man of Galilee. For everyone who lives and thinks there can be no more interesting and important question than whether the expectation raised and the promise implied in that unparalleled announcement by one who

claimed to be divine have been met and fulfilled. Well, it should not be difficult to get an answer to that question. Through long centuries countless millions have put Jesus and his gospel to the test, and thus became qualified to report on the result. The truth is easy to find, for the facts are recorded in the most conspicuous and indubitable pages of history. Who was the Galilæan who so long ago gave Phillips Brooks the one all-inclusive theme and text for his lifetime? Well, whoever he was, one thing is sure, he has *made good on his promise* wherever and whenever he has been allowed to try. "Has Christianity succeeded in the world?" asked a Yale student of Professor George P. Fisher, a great church historian, who answered, "The world has not tried it." He may have had in mind what Lessing said a century before when looking at the defects of Christians and the church and current, conventional Christianity: "Christianity has failed; the religion of Christ remains to be tried." Only they who have tried the religion of Christ are competent to testify. Produce the records and call the witnesses, and when you have examined both, fling out this challenge:

NEVER ONCE SINCE THAT ANNOUNCEMENT WAS MADE HAS JESUS CHRIST FAILED to give a fuller and more abundant life to any human being who honestly put him to the test and gave him a free chance by accepting

and acknowledging him and cooperating with him.

(a) Never in twenty centuries has one home admitted Jesus to its love and worship without having its life made fuller, richer, and more beautiful.

(b) Never has any community regarded the wisdom and authority of Christ by applying his moral standards to the regulation of its affairs and customs without its communal life being cleansed, morally and physically. And the one great lesson taught by Christianity through the centuries, and equally in our day by science, is that cleanliness, physical and moral, means health for body and soul, and health means life, life more abundant and vigorous.

(c) Never has any state or nation embodied Christian principles in its laws and practiced them in its intercourse with other nations without uplifting and ennobling its own life and adding to its dignity, prestige, and power. Few names in the roll of American statesmen are so surely illustrious as that of John Hay, who as secretary of state carried truth and honesty and justice and the Golden Rule into diplomacy. He lifted the international dealings of his country to the Christian level.

Highest Moral Life

Christianity's superiority is shown in its holding up the noblest ideals of character and incul-

cating and enjoining the highest ethics. For example, Christ's Golden Rule surpasses that of Confucius as active doing good surpasses mere refraining from wrong and cruelty. Li Hung Chang confessed when in America that the urgent and stimulating Christian incitement, *"Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you,"* is a nobler and worthier teaching than the mere negative check against cruelty and injustice imposed by the Confucian *"Do not unto others what ye would not wish them to do to you."* Confucius says, "Avoid being moral criminals; be half noble." In the one the life of righteousness is too feeble to be efficient; in the other it is energetic and active, the high tide of moral life flooding the coasts and inlets of human sentiment and conduct.

Listen, all who deny or question. The Life-giver who came to give the world a more abundant life *has made good wherever he has been given a chance.* Nowhere is there a single bit of testimony from individual, family, community, or nation, that Jesus Christ has failed in any instance to keep his promise of a fuller, happier, and stronger life.

He who is the promiser is also the giver of the life more abundant. What is the purpose of religion and morality? Their purpose is to strengthen life by cleansing, rectifying, and inspiriting it. In Professor George H. Palmer's book on the *Field of Ethics,* the main proposition

is that the clearest statement of the purpose and effect of both morality and religion is found in the announcement made by Jesus, "I am come that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

It is not strange that He who is the source of religion and morality—who is the power that makes for righteousness in each soul and in society—could most clearly state, as the Harvard professor truly says, the purpose and effect of both. And the fact that he best knew and could most clearly state the object and purpose of morality and religion is confirmatory of his claim to be the source and the enabling power of both.

That he is that source of power was his announcement concerning himself. It has always been the claim of his disciples and followers for him. It is the testimony of all who have received his gospel and have let him try his power on them unhindered.

The source of moral life, like the secret of the tides, is above the earth. Through untold ages the tides of the restless ocean were ebbing and flowing on all the coasts of the world, without the tribes of men knowing or suspecting what power it really was that lifted and swung them to and fro. The natural idea was that the mighty movement originated within the ocean itself and was due to some tremendous force deep in the bosom of the sea. But in the course of time a day

arrived when it was perceived that the cause of this great movement was not in the sea itself, and was not of the earth at all, but was up yonder in the heavens. A man pointed to the moon and said: "There is the shining cause of all the tides. The moon reaches down long arms and lays its mighty hands upon the vast waters and lifts and swings them back and forth from shore to shore."

In like manner, the hearts of men from the beginning were moved within them by some mysterious power ever since men were men and hearts were hearts; but they knew not whence it really came. They thought it originated within themselves. They never dreamed it was from above, or if they dreamed, they did not know. Their restless spirits, stirred by longings, liftings, surgings to and fro, knew not that an eternal Spirit moves upon the minds and hearts of men. There was no one to say to them, "It is God that worketh in you." But the day of full revelation and illumination came.

Christ is the source of the world's moral life. Paul explained to the Romans that the cause of the life divine in the souls of men was that "power of Jesus Christ which was kept secret since the world began, but is now made manifest." And this is that "power which worketh in you," concerning which he wrote to the Ephesians. From the infinite Father of spirits proceed the forces which rouse, regenerate, and

transform human nature, and these divine influences are mediated to mankind for their salvation by Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, through the Holy Spirit. This is Matthew Arnold's "Power that makes for righteousness" in human character and conduct, which is "the power of an endless life," and which makes Paul exult in "the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe," the Power divine, revealed and communicated from above by Him who came down from above to show us the Father.

To whom shall we go? Not to Vyasa or Zoroaster, not to Confucius or Buddha, not to the Greek gods or the Roman or Egyptian, but to Him whom we can worship, saying, "Thou alone hast the words of eternal life;" to Him who says: "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me;" "Because I live ye shall live also;" of whom Paul says, "Christ who is our life," and in whom Whittier trusted in the last verses he ever wrote:

> "Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
> And live because He lives."

This is Christianity's *explanation* of all the moral and spiritual life of the world. Wherever on the earth there is a bit of life that is holy and happy, it is so *because* the power of the unseen Christ is at work there. He alone has said, "I am the life," and only his presence brings "the life that is life indeed."

And looking abroad more widely, outside of the question of the genesis of the religious life, to this complexion will the world's philosophies come at last: *Christianity's explanation of things, of the entire system of things, of things in general, and of man in particular, will be found to be the most plausible, reasonable, provable, and convincing of all explanations, and even physical science will ultimately have nothing to say against it.*

It was a sturdy master mind, not unaware of any knowledge, but holding in full survey the realm of modern science and philosophy, who made the stout and sweeping affirmation:

"I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
Accepted by the reason, *solves* for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And hath so far advanced thee to be wise."

The solution of all human questions is in and from the revelation of God in Christ, and He who is the Light of the World will lead a groping and bewildered race, sadly fumbling all its problems, out of darkness to sure solution.

Making This Life Known

The supreme duty and service to men is to *make known* the "Life which is life indeed," with its explanation and source. A few years ago the two leading philosophers of the Continent, Bergson of France and Eucken of Germany, came

from Europe, not far apart, to lecture in America. Their themes were substantially identical. In an age infatuated with physical science and mechanical triumphs, and overweighted toward materialism, they lifted high and loud the spiritual note; they made men hear the cry of the spirit which is in man. They asserted the rights and claims of the human soul, the reality and indispensableness of the spiritual life. They illuminated the nature of that life and set forth its rational explanation; they declared and argued the divine authenticity, the intelligibility and validity of spiritual experience. With clearness and great intellectual force these two sure-footed master thinkers delivered their message to packed audiences, and made good on their mission, casting the spell of the spirit and making thoughtful minds aware of the things which are unseen and eternal. In their addresses "the intellectual power, through words and things, went sounding," not on "a dim and perilous way," but on a clear, straight, well-built highway, firm for the soul's pilgrimage. Reasoning in a realm where definite intellectual grasp and exact analysis are difficult even for the acutest and ablest minds, and where clear definition and convincing reasoning are achieved by few, a realm in which the main reliance must be on the self-evidencing power of its realities within the individual soul,—reasoning in that sublimated realm, Bergson and Eucken yet set

forth successfully, with powerful and inspiring cogency, the Religion of Life. Wherever they spoke they clarified and freshened the atmosphere of thought and feeling. In the great battle always going on everywhere for the rights of the soul, Bergson and Eucken are at one end of the firing line, with Billy Sunday at the other; the philosophers of university halls and the evangelist in his tabernacle crying each in the dialect of his own training and each reaching his own public, "Life, life, eternal life!" and each rendering incalculable service to the world.

With Christ in Glory

"Your life is hid with Christ in God," therefore "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory," Paul wrote to the Colossians. When we take the message in, when the full force of its wondrousness breaks over us, our astonished hearts cry, "What! such creatures as we 'appear with *Him in glory*'? Incredible!"

"How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to *glory* bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

"Hence, our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside
My Lord, my Love is crucified."

We look up with adoring gratitude to the

God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and say:

How thou can'st think so well of us,
Yet be the God thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

We share the well-reasoned confidence of the good old hymn our mothers used to sing:

"And when I'm to die,
'Receive me,' I'll cry;
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why.

"But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not stay in *glory*,
And leave me behind."

Love shares everything with the loved one. The reason which rules and the law which works in Christ's exaltation of those on whom he has set his love are not unfamiliar to us. We see the same law at work in human relationships on all levels of our earthly life. The matter is not hard to understand. Whether on earth or in heaven, love always exalts and enriches to the limit of its power those on whom it bestows itself, and shares with them its own best fortune.

When King Cophetua loves a beggar maid, the beggar maid is lifted to the level of the king. Her life enters into the splendor of his life now. The poor old beggar life is gone. She leaves her hut for his palace. The king has made life

royal and rich for her. Henceforth he shares with her *his glory.*

In Rome they used to show you the window at which Raphael wooed the Fornarina, the baker's daughter. It was not a lofty palace window, but a lowly lattice in a humble home on the level of the street. What cared Rome for that baker's daughter? Nothing. But a great artist crowned her with the dearest honors of his heart, and because Raphael loved that simple maiden he put her features into the faces of his Madonnas, so that it is her face you see in his great paintings; therefore so long as canvas lasts and art endures, so long as men remember Raphael, they must remember her. See, this is the point: he makes her as immortal as himself, he shares with her *his glory*

Down the river Clyde to Greenock go tourists to see there the grave of Burns' Highland Mary. Little reason have we to suppose her superior to a hundred other lassies in other Scotch towns or countrysides. Then why do tourists care to find her grave? Because Bobbie Burns loved her and sang about her and wedded her; made her name as lasting as the undying poetry of Scotland's most gifted bard, the poet of the homely human heart. Of fame he had much, and he shared with her *his glory.*

One day a strong man stood on the portico of the Capitol at Washington to be inaugurated President of the United States. It was his

day of glory. When the Chief Justice had administered to him the oath of office, and he had kissed the Bible in token of his reverence for the sacred Word, and of the solemn sanctity of his oath, he lifted his lips from the Holy Book, and turning his back on the applauding crowd, stepped back to a white-haired little woman seated just behind him, and stooping, pressed his lips to hers in a kiss as reverent as he had pressed upon the Bible. She was his mother, a plain and simple woman, humble and unknown to the world, his widowed mother. When James A. Garfield's hour of glory drew near, his heart said to her, "When I shall appear at the top of human eminence in sight of the whole world, you also *shall appear with me in glory.*" That is the way human love does, and that, too, is the way divine love does.

Christ shares his glory. "Ye shall appear with him in *glory.*" That is the destiny of the great saints of the ages, and not less of the obscure and unknown and self-distrusting. When John Wesley was dying, one of his faithful friends, not present with him, knowing that a great soul was passing yonder into the heavens, kept saying, "Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and this heir of *glory* shall come in." And that is the lawful, warranted expectation of all who truly trust in Christ.

Of the father of William Hazlitt we are told

that when he was nearing the end of life at the age of eighty-four, he "made no complaint, but went on talking of *glory,* honor, and immortality to the end," in high and assured reliance on his Master's Word and the power of Christ to save all who come unto him.

Richard Watson Gilder remembered his godly old grandfather on his death bed, murmuring as if in prayer meeting or class meeting phrases of Christian testimony and confidence, with much holy language, colored with the very life-blood of his soul, sanctifying his lips and ineffably dignifying his venerable countenance, as his spirit was entering Christ's eternal *glory.*

George John Romanes' wisest, noblest, and most radiant phrase was "the hallowed glory of the Christian faith." Nothing else so hallows, nothing brings so much glory. It was the bright shining of that glory that lit and lured him back from his dark, devious, distant intellectual vagrancies to kneel at the altar he had forsaken and take again the Holy Sacrament to his comfort.

The Religion of Life is the religion of great expectations; the expectation in this world of perfect love, "Christian perfection," as it is called; the expectation in the world beyond of sharing in our Redeemer's glory. The least and lowliest of those whom he loves and who trust in him may say with boldness and without presumption:

"Oh, to think, to step ashore, and that shore Heaven:
To clasp a hand outstretched, and that God's hand;
To breathe new air, and that celestial air;
To feel refreshed, and know it's immortality.
Oh, think, to pass from storm and stress
To one unbroken calm;
To wake and find it *glory*."

"Your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also *appear with him in glory*."

Browning sings, in his high fashion, of "that vast realm of glory" of which we are aware even while we may not enter yet; the spiritual life beyond our earthly life, the law of which is known to us as is the law of this; and though our feet stay here, our heart and brain move there and are At home in Glory. So sang the most robustly affirmative poet of the nineteenth century, the strongest singer since Shakespeare.

III

AN ORCHID IN THE GARDEN OF HUMAN SENTIMENTS

Luther Burbank, godfather and guardian angel of plants and fruits and flowers, says: "The child is the purest, truest thing in the world. Its life is stainless, sensitive, and responsive to all impressions." Dr. Lynn Harold Hough quotes a saying about James Barrie: "Most men grow up into manhood, but he grows down into a perpetual understanding of childhood."

The more I know of childhood and motherhood, the more I stand in awe of them; they seem so near to God. In his later years the great Dutch artist Josef Israels turned from the complexities of art which was largely artificial and followed instead the simplicities, mostly found in childhood. Art became to him, like Zechariah's Jerusalem, a city of truth and innocence, "full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." When Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, an admirer of Israels, visited Holland and called upon him, the famous painter touched one of his own pictures of childhood fondly and said, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Whoso is insensitive to the charm of childhood is more to be distrusted than "the man that hath no music in himself and is

not moved by concord of sweet sounds," presumably "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils," thinks Shakespeare.

That a man should take an interest, absorbing and intense, in his own children is inevitable, universal, a matter of course. That men—we mean, especially, childless men—should take an interest, a sort of vicarious, poetic interest, in other people's children is not unnatural nor unlawful nor infrequent.

In the flower garden of amiable human sentiments the love for unrelated little children on the part of bachelors and other childless men is a flower not coarse, stiff, and unfragrant like a bachelor's button, but, rather, like an orchid, air-fed, airy, and sweet, a delicate epiphytic bloom. Such friendships, born not of blood kinship but of spirit, fostered by æsthetic sensibilities and fed by ethereal sentiments, are found blossoming even in the heart of such a man as Herbert Spencer, who speaks of one boarding house where, he says, "two little girls became the vicarious object of my philoprogenitive instincts." The best thing in Victor Hugo and especially in Swinburne is their adoration of children. Of George Eliot's story of "Totty" Swinburne wrote: "She is Totty forever and ever, a chubby immortal little child, set in the lap of our love for the kisses and laughter of all time." One of many bad things in Gustave Flaubert was that he almost never mentioned or noticed children.

Swinburne's cousin, Mrs. Leigh, tells of his veneration for them, his "simple worship of the pure beauty of childhood," of which he left many exquisite records. The Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram, says that, not having children of his own, he seeks other people's children to make happy and be made happy by: and in another child-loving bachelor of note, La Bruyere, through the whole texture of whose mature years was woven like a thread of gold an early memory of one young girl, with the result, we are told, that ever after his regard for women took on the nature of a sort of noble fatherliness. This early friend of his was the bright little daughter of a book-seller and publisher whose shop he frequented to turn over the new books and to learn what was going on and to play with the child. One day when he offered for publication the manuscript of his greatest work, he said to the publisher: "If you make anything from it, let the profits be given as a marriage portion to my little playmate here when she weds;" which resulted in the publisher's daughter receiving twenty thousand dollars at her marriage. Not always, however, is such altruistic authorship so profitable to the beneficiary. A gentleman appeared at the receiving window of a Boston savings bank wishing to open a new account, and handed in a half dollar as the first deposit. "We do not open an account for so small an amount as that," said the

teller. "But you must. I promised my little niece to deposit to her credit all the profits from my new book, and fifty cents is the amount up to date. You've got to help me keep my word. You'll surely do a little thing like that for a dear little girl." And the bank opened the account.

Childless men, for their part, have the luxurious advantage of enjoying the children lightheartedly without the burden of being responsible for them; while the contented parents, on their part, regard these friendships with amiable indulgence, undispleased, seeing perhaps something a bit pathetic in the yearning fondness and romantic enthusiasm shown toward their children by such honorable susceptibles and usufructuaries.

Dr. Joseph Collins, eminent neurologist and literary critic, thinks the soul of a little girl the best thing God has created. The tableau of the Big Man and the Little Girl has been set on many a stage the ages through. Friendship between them, blending contrast and congeniality, is evidently on Nature's program, divinely ordained and provided for in the system of things. Notable instances, literally innumerable, embellish life and literature with indescribable beauty and irresistible charm. Among things honest, pure and lovely and of good report such preadolescent friendships play a delicate part in the forming of character and life.

In a photograph of the London city missionary, Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, we see him seated in the middle of a group of his mission children, four boys and one girl. He is pictured holding the little girl on his lap, with her arms around his neck. Why not one of the boys? Simply because he is a man and she is a little girl, and between the two Heaven has put a subtle, fragrant, and everlasting attraction. If the missionary were a woman one of the boys, probably the smallest, might be in her lap. That picture puts us among the primordial elements of life, the primitive forces which make the world go round, and the ground is as holy as the will of God.

Under the same mystical spell is the curate in Thackeray's delightful sketch, who, visiting the tenement region, finds in one small room three fatherless children whose mother is away all day at work. Elizabeth, aged ten, who acts as *Hausmutter* and takes care of the two younger, is so capable and so fine that the charmed curate says admiringly, "If I, too, were but ten years old and only three feet high, I would marry Elizabeth and we would go and live in a cupboard." But he, alas, was thirty.

Many a busy man can hear in the pauses of his action the horns of Elfland faintly blowing in some far border of his life. The spell of Esmeralda falls alike on Dom Claude, the priest, and on Clopin, King of the Beggars, and on

Quasimodo, the hunchback. Newspapers reported that General Gouraud, on Broadway, seemed more interested in an eight-year-old child smiling and reaching her hand, whom the Lion of the Argonne stooped to kiss, than in the sky-piercing Woolworth Building which was being shown him.

History in many a spot is all aflit and aflutter with butterfly-like little creatures who lit on and were loved by great big men. There was wee Nancy with whom Lord Jeffrey, the terrible oger of the Edinburgh Review, used to romp, and to whom he wrote as "My dear dimpled Pussie." And there was the child, Thralia, whom ponderous old Dr. Sam Johnson called "Queenie," and whom he described as "a bright, papilionaceous creature whom the elephant loves to play with and wave to and fro on his trunk." It appears that the portentous polysyllabic biped, Doctor Johnson, shared the thick-skinned, and somewhat heavier four-legged elephant's affection for Queenie, and thus this little human butterfly had the felicity of being played with by two elephantine creatures at once.

And there was lovely, demure little Penelope Boothby, whom Sir Joshua Reynolds painted lovingly in her mob cap, and whose spirit went to join the immortals soon after the great artist immortalized her sweet face and slight figure with his brush. And there forever is Sir Walter Scott's "Pet Marjorie," dear to thousands, whose

affection was as warm as her genius was precocious and her piety genuine, and whose memory blossoms from her dust with undiminished fragrance after a century.

And there was shy little Clara Novello's happy friendship with Charles Lamb, who was often in her father's house. Once the child, to avoid being sent off to bed before supper when he was there, hid herself in a cupboard by the piano and fell asleep. Waking and coming out of hiding, she was severely reprimanded by her mother in the presence of the visitor; but Lamb pleaded for her and obtained the parental consent that whenever he came to supper the child should be allowed to remain up with the family. So whenever he was there she had Lamb for supper. He addressed her in his letter as "Saint Clara." In retaliation she might have Latinized him and called him Saint Agnus. Once when her father made her sing for Lamb, and she was doing her best, her stuttering friend stopped her by crying out with a feigned look of suffering, "O Clara, d-d-don't make that d-d-dreadful noise any more. For m-m-mercy's sake, d-d-don't." This child, writing of him in years long after, said, "O glory and delight. How I did love dear Charles Lamb!" With similar recollections of George Meredith one woman wrote after his death: "I first saw him when I was seven years old. He and I were great friends in those days. He was a splendid playfellow."

The daughter of a London clergyman has told what a good playfellow she and her sisters had in Sydney Smith. She remembers his frequent coming to her father's dinners, and says: "He would arrive ten minutes too soon, run up to the nursery at the top of the house, take a small girl on each knee, and delight to expend on a few little children, and the baby crowing for joy of life in a cot in the corner, the inimitable drollery and the stream of irresistible cleverness and nonsense which only the night before, perhaps, had been the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner at Holland House. One of the little girls still recollects —better even than the sweets in his pocket—the bonhomie and kindness of the shrewd, manly face and knows that Sydney Smith's wit was not his finest quality."

A talented woman of wide and varied experience, looking back through many eventful years, sees herself a little child riding around Clifton Springs on the big shoulders of that burly Saint Sagacity, Dr. Henry Foster, founder and builder of the place. She remembers that her ambition was to build a house of snow large enough for him to crawl into on hands and knees like a great brown bear. Remembering gratefully these and many other things, this woman in her maturity says, "He certainly was a sweet friend for a little girl to have."

An English woman tells of the happy play she used to have with Thackeray. Once when he

was sitting in a large Louis Philippe armchair in Paris, she, a little girl, perched on the arm of his chair and quizzed the great man thus:

"Is you good?"

"Not so good as I should like to be," answered Thackeray.

"Is you clever?"

"Well, I've written a book or two. Perhaps I am rather clever."

"Is you pretty?"

"O, no, no! No, No, No, NO!" roared the big fellow with an explosive burst of laughter.

"Well, I think you is good and clever and pretty," cooed the innocent little diplomat, cutely winding that famous celebrity around her tiny finger with predatory intent, because she remembered some bonbons he had bought for her on the boulevard yesterday, and because she had visions of more bonbons which her well-tamed and benevolent giant, if wisely managed and kept in a good humor, might buy for her to-morrow. Even Thackeray's masterpiece, *Henry Esmond,* is not quite so precious to this English woman as her memories of her own child-play with him.

The Marchesa Perruzzi gives us charming reminiscences of the children in the Barberini Palace in Rome who were visited and played with by Hans Christian Andersen and Robert Browning; the gaunt, ungainly Norwegian poet of childhood romping uproariously over tables

and chairs, and cutting out grotesque paper butterflies and clowns and fairies; and then Robert Browning reading later his "Pied Piper of Hamelin" to those enviable children while Hans Andersen listened to the reading with boyish delight, his ugly face brimming with fun.

Among the powers that be on this much-governed planet is there any such potentate as the child? The strongest and the greatest bow down at the touch of the scepter of this diminutive despot. Biography and autobiography are full of confession and proof that all through history many who sat in the seats of the mighty were powerless under the all-subduing touch of tiny fingers. Even old Plutarch, in his famous *Lives,* shows that, amid the eventful and momentous procedures of empire and war and heroism, a child's hand secretly holds him by the heart. In a crevice of his picturesque pages we find a reference to his own little girl and to her anxiety that her dolls should share the professional attentions of the nurse: and from that tender mention we know more of the inmost soul of Plutarch than from any of his great writings, far more than from his pictures of Cæsar in the Senate House facing the gleaming steel of murderous conspirators, or from his descriptions of wounded Pyrrhus darting at the foe a look which struck terror, or from his picture of Sylla's white charger plunging with his rider safely past the thrusting spears. The world over and the ages

through, many men of might and mastery have known hours when the sweet lips and clinging arms of a warm, trusting, cuddling child meant more to them than all "the boast of heraldry and pomp of power." Mrs. Sellar pictures W. E. Henley, big, rugged-looking, florid, shaggy like a bear, "a strange, tempestuous, robustious fellow" George Meredith called him, abjectly and blissfully enslaved to the will of his own precocious four-year-old, whose mien was so imperial that she was called "The Empress" by artists who went down from London to see the child again and again in her brief seven years of life, pitiably brief because doomed by the deadly disease which her father had and which he knowingly transmitted to her before her birth. What right has a man to do that? How dare he do it? God pity him!

We remember that Edwin Booth had a friendship with a small daughter of a friend of his. His birthday came on the same date with hers, so the two called themselves twins. On the day when he was fifty and she six, she sent him flowers with this message: "Dear Mr. Booth, we are fifty-six to-day." Across the gulf of a life time the big man and the little girl hailed each other as comrades, and both found pleasure in it. To him it was freshening and rejuvenating. When to dry or rheumy eyes the world grows dim and darkling, the man says mentally to the little child:

"I see the morning of the world in you.
I see life upward springing,
Light round you clinging.
And in your eyes the dew."

I know how Edwin Booth felt, for I too have a Twin: I was born auburn-haired in a Plainfield, N. J., parsonage on February 13, 1843. Exactly sixty years after, on February 13, a baby girl was born auburn-haired in a Plainfield parsonage. On my eighty-third birthday my Girl Twin sent me a message. She might have said, "We are 146 to-day."

We are told that John Ruskin at the age of forty succumbed to the blandishments of a little Irish girl of nine, named Rose La Touche, who is described as looking like "a little sister of Christ." The first time Ruskin met her she "gave him her hand as a good dog gives its paw." Later he gave her lessons in art. Quite pretty herself, she candidly told him she considered him very ugly. She christened him "Crumpet," which, when she discovered his goodness and gentleness, she mitigated into "Saint Crumpet." This friendship ripened into love on his part, and became the one central and absorbing fact of his inner life, so that in after years he wrote: "Rosie was always in my heart, and everything I did was for her." This was the deepest passion of Ruskin's life, and her final rejection of his love because he was not religious enough was the deepest sorrow that ever devastated his days.

Few men have been more susceptible to the charm of feminine childhood than Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh. When he was a young physician he wrote in a letter to a friend: "I am going out to Callands to-day to be all alone in the open air on the common road for a full-length *think* with myself; and to see a three-year bairn, the daughter of a plowman and a perfect image of sweet *wildness*. I wish you could see her with her long eye-lashes and unfathomable eyes, and her eerie black blink; you would then understand my love for her. I have wandered days with her among the hills, leading her by the hand, and every now and then asking her to open wide her eyes that I might stare into their depths. She will kiss nobody in the world but her mother, father, brothers, sisters, and me." No wonder young Doctor Brown went strutting off, so elate and proud, on the road to Callands. It was the same Doctor Brown who told later the fascinating and touching story of that wonder-child Marjorie Fleming, concerning which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to its author: "I have read and reread and read aloud to my wife that infinitely tearful, smileful, soulful, tender, caressing story of Pet Marjorie. Dear little soul! And the picture of great big hearty Sir Walter Scott wrapping the wee creature in his plaid and striding off with her. If only that fragment of your writings were saved from the wreck of English literature, men and women

would cry over it. That surpassingly sweet story is told so lovingly and vividly that blessed little Marjorie becomes our own child, our 'ownty-downty,' as New England nursery small-talk has it."

Mark Twain, too, succumbed to the story, and joined the procession of Pet Marjorie's admirers many years after her death. This admiration reached its climax in connection with her detestation of the multiplication table, concerning which she said: "I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plaege [plague] that my multiplication gives me. You can't conceive it the most devilish thing is 8 times 8 & 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure." "In the presence of that holy verdict," said Mark Twain with ancient and lifelong grudge, "I stand reverently uncovered."

A charming picture has been given us of Edward FitzGerald, translator of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Kháyyám, coming out of his garden gate one day in England, tall and dignified, to intercept and make obeisance to an equally dignified sweet maiden, aged three, who was passing by. She confidently trusted her tiny dimpled hand to the grasp of his long fingers: but when he asked her name she met his inquiry with a gentle but firm taciturnity. "A very discreet young lady," said the stately scholar while they faced each other as equals, her nonage and innocence balancing his age and learning, as if his had been

the Royal Presence and she the fairest débutante of her year.

Everywhere feminine childhood appeals to manly men. Chivalry, gallantry and courtesy (words contributed by the French to our English language) go to sea on the bridge and in the forecastle. John Masefield and Joseph Conrad report knighthood in flower on the rolling deep. In the alarming moment when the order is "Man the boats" gallantry is grim: "Women and children first" is the stern command, enforced if need be with fists or revolvers. In happy moments of "Eight bells and all's well" gallantry is genial. "What do you do in cloudy weather when you cannot see the sun?" asked a young girl on her first sea voyage, watching the officers take the noonday observation.

"O, then," answered the bronzed captain, looking into the eager young face, "then we take our observations from little girls' eyes."

Into her bright eyes I first looked when they were three years old—a very long time ago: they are brighter than ever now with the joy of a beautiful married life.

One of T. E. Brown's exquisite poems tells how a man met in a country lane a little child who smiled at him with a look so full of trust and happiness that he blessed her in his heart. The wee creature knew him not, but laughed up into his face out of the natural joy that bubbled in her veins. And her laugh seemed to say:

"The heaven is bright above us;
And there is God to love us;
And I am but a little gleeful maid,
And thou art big and old and staid;
But the blue hills have made thee mild
As is a little child,
Wherefore I laugh that thou may'st see,
O laugh, O laugh with me."

And the laughter of the little gleeful girl made the country lane a more royal road than the king's highway.

Proof of the preciousness of a child's favor is found in the fact that parents consider their child's kiss the most delicate honor they can bestow upon a friend, and the recipient accepts it as a dainty gift. A yet more sacred honor is when they ask a minister to lay his hands in baptism on their baby's head.

One summer evening at children's bedtime a lovely young mother sent little Harold and Madeleine across the parlor of the old Water Gap House above the Delaware River to give "Good night" to the pastor who a few years before had married her to one of his finest young men. The pastor was sensitively aware that in granting him her children's lips to kiss, she offered an exquisite and reverent token of the family's affection. The loveliness of those sweet children touched the close of that Sabbath day with tender sanctity, went with him to his pillow and lingers still. Dr. Francis Thompson says, "I kissed in them the heart of childhood, so

divine for me. If in Eden as on earth we be, I shall keep younger company."

One winter a frequenter of that choice resort, Albert A. LeRoy's Pine Tree Inn, Lakehurst, New Jersey, known as the "Winter Mohonk," was keeping to his room there a few days as a precaution, his caputal affairs being in process of liquidation. Into his soppy seclusion and moist misery, about nine o'clock one evening a young mother, born altruistic in a missionary's home in Japan, brought her seven-years-old Dorothy to give that lone greyhead a good-night kiss. When he rose from his chair to receive the unexpected honor, it was deplorably evident that he was not kissable. Seeing his uninviting and unhappy predicament, the wise child smiled up at him and said, "I can't kiss oo 'cause oo got the gwip. I give oo a telegwaph kiss," and she reached her tiny hand up to the big tall man, while he, understanding her motion and bending down, took hold of her tiny finger-tips with his, Dorothy explaining to his dull comprehension, "The kiss goes up." Then with rippling laughter the merry little mite flitted out, leaving the surprised and shaken man to his convulsions, his explosions and his handkerchiefs, in a saturated solution of solitude, albeit all aquiver with unwonted ecstasy. In his life such angel visits had been few and far between, and memory still cherishes gratefully through the years a vision of that enchanting, wingless cherub in white

nighties standing atiptoe with upreaching fingers, saying, "I give oo a telegwaph kiss," she and her mother framed in the refined setting of that homelike Inn in the Jersey Pines; a fine winter health resort to weary guests.

At Gettysburg in July, 1913, the survivors held a reunion fifty years after the fight. When Jesse Bowman Young (gallant soldier and brilliant author of a great book on the Battle of Gettysburg, recognized by West Point as one of the most accurate, competent and complete accounts of that decisive conflict) met on the battlefield the man who had been his closest comrade during the awful three days fight, he was overcome by his emotions. Unable to express his feelings in any other way, Doctor Young called to his daughter: "Anne, come here. I want you to kiss this man for me"—the most tender and convincing token of affection he could give to his old companion in arms.

Our acute friends the psychologists have not yet fully explained all the mysterious movements of that curious machine the human mind. In many ways we are fearfully and wonderfully made and curiously wrought in our inward parts, in the secret places of our nature. As inexplicable as they are unpredictable, for example, are memory's discriminations and preferences. Who can explain for us that pretty little idyll of the Alps given by an English poet in the London Spectator?

"In Switzerland one idle day,
As on the grass at noon we lay,
Came a grave peasant child, and stood
Watching us strangers eat our food,
And what we offered her she took
In silence, with her quiet look,
And when we rose to go, content,
Without a word of thanks, she went.

"Another day in sleet and rain,
I chose that meadow path again,
And, partly turning, chanced to see
My little quest friend watching me
With eyes half hidden by her hair,
Blowing me kisses, unaware
That I had seen, and still she wore
The same grave aspect as before.

"Now, some recall for heart's delight
A sunrise, some a snowy height,
But I a little child who stands
And gravely kisses both her hands."

That is the poem simple and sweet; and now, who will tell us why a Swiss peasant child throwing coy kisses at a stranger outlasts in his memory all the majesty and sublimity of the Alps, their red sunrises and their snowy heights?

A burly and striking figure in our day is Gilbert K. Chesterton, journalist, littérateur, polemic, and elephantine champion of orthodoxy, who buffets and jollies infidels, convicting them of credulity, myopia, and strabismus; whose jovial good-nature is dangerous as a playful lion's paw; whose encounters with the enemy take on the semblance of a solemn frolic and

whose temper toward deniers of the evangelic faith is like that of Kipling's Tommy Atkins toward Fuzzy Wuzzy.

So muscular a protagonist would scarcely be expected to lapse into sentimental memory-freaks, yet his heavy fist writes an entire poem solely to say that if he ever revisits Baltimore, his mind will dwell not on memories of stately occasions or famous men, not on Lord Baltimore who gave his name to the place, nor on Lee and his heroes of the South who called their land by the lovely name of "Dixie" in the unforgotten song. Let him tell what he will do:

"If ever I cross the sea and stray
To that city of Maryland,
I will sit on a stone and watch or pray
For a stranger's child that was there one day:
And the child will never come back to play,
And no one will understand."

But we all do understand. Mr. Chesterton is in the grip of one of nature's universals, not a weakness but a recrudescence of pure pristine innocence, and his personal confession exposes the rest of us as well. As the Indian chief said to his tribe when Columbus came ashore, "It is all over with us; we are discovered." Absurd as seems that ponderous Englishman's picture of himself sitting alone on a stone and watching prayerfully for a remembered child that will never come back to play with him again, he is yet and thereby fit model for a massive me-

morial of the fondness of the Big Man for the Little Girl.

On a winter night many years ago, a man went to spend an evening in one of the best homes in the world. As to the furniture, the pictures on the wall, what was for supper, how many were at table, what the evening's conversation was, what his sermons were about the Sunday before or the Sunday after, whom he married or buried that week, he does not remember: to try to recall any of these things would be like fishing in the river Lethe for forgotten fishes. But that, when he was let in from the wintry street to the glowing warmth and welcome of that lovely home, a little brown-haired sprite, intense with the fervency known only to feminine childhood, flew to meet him, leaped clear off the floor into his arms, and hit him a bumper kiss square on the mouth—this he has never forgotten. She came like a flying wedge and hit the line hard, and the glad abandon, velocity, onset, and impact of that impetuous child are dented deep in the phonograph record of memory revolving now under his white hairs. Noting the whimsical way in which unthrifty memory drops a multitude of momentous things and then treasures seeming trifles, T. B. Aldrich wrote:

"My mind lets go a thousand things
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,

And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then pausing here, set down its load
Of pine scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree."

But when it comes to memorable preciousness, what are two wind-plucked wild-rose petals thrown down upon the ground, compared to two rose-petal human lips tossed up against yours on the wild sweet flying impulse of a child's impetuous love? Roses are fine flowers, but tiny two-lips have been reckoned sweeter—as George Meredith was aware when he pictured in his song of "Angelic Love,"

"The sweet little dewy mouth
Tenderly uplifted,
Like two rose leaves drifted
On the warm balmy breath of the sunny South;"

and Aldrich when he said that "to have known a child's kiss makes existence worth while;" and Mrs. Browning when she wrote, "A child's kiss on thy lips shall make thee glad."

Doubtless Whittier forgot in later years many a lesson that he learned from books at the little schoolhouse amid the New England hills; but one imperishable recollection of school-boy days for him was of a little golden-haired girl who shyly laid her hand on his outside the country schoolhouse door one day, and the poet tells us what she said to him:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

And memory kept showing her sweet child-face and repeating her tender words to the gray-haired bachelor man when the grasses had been growing on her grave forty years.

An habitual visitor to Clifton Springs Sanitarium cannot remember the chapter nor the hymn used in the chapel on a certain morning. All that he remembers is the thin, pure, birdlike voice of little Allegra, who held the other side of his book, piping up in the hymn, her high treble sounding in the heavy volume of older voices like the tinkle of a harp threading its way through the great organ-roll, or the voice of a violin singing like a mounting lark above the swelling orchestra.

Will the wise professor of psychology kindly explain how it happens that, out of one long-ago summer spent by a certain man beside the sea, the one thing most vividly and indelibly remembered is a child's laugh—the most musical, indeed, the one perfect laugh ever heard by him? All the words of all the wise men at Doctor Deems' Summer School of Philosophy, which met near by, with Borden P. Bowne as chief lecturer, are "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were," lost in "the backward and abysm of time," but that exquisite incomparable

laugh still rings like a silver bell in this man's memory. It was the one irresistible, superlative charm of the house, as it rang clear through the parlors, and along the porches, and by the tumbling breakers and the crawling seafoam. The ecstasy of that little three-year-old girl made all the hired orchestras and entertainers of the summer seem cheap and poor as a boy's jewsharp in comparison with Ole Bull's Stradivarius. To hear Gracie Kudlich's laugh in summer mornings was to understand something of Charles Kingsley's feeling in his verse:

"The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me."

The psychologist has not explained us yet. We are still a mystery to ourselves, and even to him with all his penetration, lore, and insight. As for that unspeakable Freud, he gropes like "a pore, benighted 'eathen" among the sanctities of human nature.

When a certain big man confesses a fondness for little girls it is for several valid and respectable reasons. In the first place he owes his life to a little girl. The way of it was this: Two children, a boy aged three and a girl aged seven, wandered unobserved one summer afternoon out through the back gate and across a field to a mill-race along the margin of which they played

until the boy fell into the water. The girl, instead of losing her head and running off to the house leaving him to drown, coolly followed along the bank, till she could catch hold of his clothes and pull him out of the swift current which was hurrying the baby boy on to be pounded and drowned under the buckets of the big mill-wheel. This is why one man cannot see a mill-race or an old fashioned grist-mill or the big water-wheel at Ponce de Leon Springs, without some kindly thoughts toward little girls. A literary critic, commenting on the number of good women in De Morgan's novels, says that in his books salvation often takes a feminine form. It surely did in that small boy's case.

In the next place, the same man when a child had for close and constant comrade a sister, Julia Isabella, two years younger than himself, to whom he was playmate, guide, protector, mayhap at times tease and tormentor, and to whom he dedicates this book. In the happy hunting-grounds of childhood, the wonderland of preadolescent years, the boy and his little sister, living in the old Woodrow parsonage which stands between the woods on the west and the graveyard on the east, rambled and played in both, hunting nuts and wintergreen and sassafras and birch and penny-royal in the woods, and wild flowers and wild strawberries in the burying-ground. They knew where the best hickory-nut and chestnut trees were in the woods

and the most fertile and fruitful spots in the churchyard. A secure little Eden that country parsonage was. Its nearest neighbors were the harmless buried people lying so quiet in God's acre just over the fence; and the road in front was safe, for it was before the days of tramps and automobiles. Across the road lived Uncle Moses Winant, the sexton and grave-digger, on whose small farm, near the road, was a little pond where his horses and cows were watered, the boy being sometimes permitted to ride a horse to water; and some half-wild apple trees, the spicy fruit of which the boy tastes to this day; and some gentle hill-slopes, fine for the boy to coast down with his little sister on his sled when snow-banks billowed the fields. Toward Uncle Mose's apple trees the boy has now some such feeling as C. P. Cranch expresses in the lines which describe two middle-aged men pausing under a mulberry tree, and as they plucked and ate, one says:

"Do you know, old friend, I haven't eaten
A mulberry since the ignorant joy
Of something sweet in the mouth could sweeten
All this bitter world for a boy."

Without rime or reason it happens in these late years that whenever that Woodrow boy recalls Uncle Mose digging graves in the churchyard he remembers Faber's lines about the old laborer and grave-digger:

"Ever his downcast eye
Was laughing silently
As if he found some jubilee in thinking.
For his one thought was God,
In that one thought he abode,
Forever in that thought more deeply sinking.

"And thus he lived his life,
A kind of gentle strife,
Upon the God within his soul relying.
Men left him all alone
Because he was unknown;
But he heard the angels sing when he was dying."

The boy and his sister were no more afraid of the green-billowed, white head-stoned burying ground, even at night, than little Celia Laighton on the Isle of Shoals was afraid of the billowy sea, whose waves and coasts were her playground and its creatures of wing and of fin her playmates. Graves had no sadness for that boy and girl, for they had not reached the age nor even imagined the mood in which people say:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that I have pressed
In their bloom.
And the names I loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

The Woodrow woods were full of the fascination of ferns and thickets and water-pools, the haunts of birds and squirrels and rabbits and frogs. In the low ground back of the barn where the large black-berries grew on tall bushes, the fearless children often found and fondled prettily marked

little snakes, and now and then had the shivery excitement of seeing a big black snake, five or six feet in length, saunter across the path or crawl away to his hole.

It was a paradise full of what Marjorie Fleming's diary called "rurel filisity." With woods and a graveyard to play in, what more could children want? Out of full memories of those blithe, innocent, and halcyon days this man testifies gratefully that a little sister is a lovely thing for a boy to have. This man can understand Sidney Lanier's feeling toward his little sister Gertrude, who, Lanier says, represented to him "the serene purity of the Winged Folk up Yonder." Of his own little sister this man can remember nothing but what is sweet and lovely and dear. But he sometimes wonders timorously whether he was so good a brother to her that she, now more than fifty years in heaven, would say:

> "But were another childhood world my share,
> I would be born a little sister there."

Professor Beers, of Yale, looking at a bust of Thackeray, aged fourteen, said, "That boy is a cruel tease; I would not want to be his little sister." A certain man—not this one—tells us that he cannot be comfortable in the presence of a moss rose, because it makes him remember a day when his little sister had such a rose and he took it away from her by force of bigger muscles, heedless of her tearful beseechings. And

then she flung her arms around him and consented he should have it, and laughed at her own tears, and wept again when he kissed her, a kiss, one almost thinks, little better than Judas'. The boy behaved like a robber and the girl behaved like an angel; and he hates himself and the moss rose when it makes him remember his little sister's tears and her love and her laughter in the morning of life's day, and the more so when he thinks of the night that fell thereafter when the light of her face was withdrawn forever from the world. That the man who in childhood was saved from drowning by a little girl and whose boyhood was blessed by the comradeship of a little sister, and who writes this monograph, should have, all his life, a good opinion of little girls can surprise nobody.

The town of Westfield, New York, holds one unique historic memory which it should preserve imperishably. One February day in 1861 the people of that town saw the tall, gaunt figure of Abraham Lincoln, on his way to Washington to be inaugurated President and to take up the heaviest burden ever laid on American shoulders, standing on the rear platform of his train which had paused at Westfield. After he had spoken briefly to the gathered citizens, he asked if little Grace Bedell was there, and when she was brought forward he said: "You see, Grace, I've let my beard grow to please you"; and then he reached for the child with his long arms and

gave her a kiss as his train moved off. This child, a total stranger, seeing his pictures in the papers, after his nomination and before his election, had written him a letter, telling him she thought his picture would look better with a beard, and that if he would grow one she would try to persuade her two brothers to vote for him, though they were Democrats. The great President, whose purpose a million armed men could not shake and whom plots of assassination could not swerve, had been swayed by the wish of an artless child. Why should not the town of Westfield, possessing this unduplicated incident, perpetuate in bronze or marble this tender act of the tallest, ruggedest, and gentlest of America's great ones, bending to the touch of candid and confiding childhood, the topmost man on earth, uncrowned king of fifty millions, who, in the most solemn, perilous journey of his life, with the gaze of a nation of friends and foes fixed on him, was not above repeating on the stage of history the beautiful oft-repeated spectacle of the Big Man and the Little Girl? Of such a statue Westfield could forever be proud, as Newark, New Jersey, is of Borglum's seated bronze Lincoln on ground level, accessible to the crowd before the Courthouse on the low bench around which children love to cluster. On pleasant afternoons the passer-by may see them sitting by Lincoln's side looking wonderingly into his deep eyes, or nestling against his breast, or standing

on his huge knees, coiling their arms around his long neck, and stroking the weary face. It is the finest sight in the city. This typical story is told. One Sunday afternoon a dark-skinned alien with his two children was seen standing near the bench, gazing reverently at the rugged figure, while his own Americanized public-school children told their foreign father what they knew of Lincoln. At last, in response to their request, the man drew nearer and lifted up each of the two by turns. The boy stroked the patient face admiringly, his own face glowing as if the living Lincoln had spoken to him. The little girl put her slender arms around Lincoln's neck and gently kissed his cheek, a spectacle immensely promotive of patriotism, keeping alive reverence and faith in mankind, educative alike to native and foreign-born in the ideals for which the greatest of republics stands. Westfield, too, should have its bronze Lincoln, on ground-level or near it, for its children to revere, love, and caress through endless generations.

By the verdict of twenty centuries the supreme figure in human history is the Man of Galilee; called even by a modern agnostic "the overtowering intellectual giant of all the ages"; recognized with something of awe even by a voluptuary like De Maupassant as "surely the finest intelligence and the most perfect nature ever seen on earth"; declared by England's foremost literary neo-pagan to have proved his transcendent goodness

and greatness in the unparalleled words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for to such belongeth the kingdom of God:" who took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them, perceiving their beauty and their innocence. In the midst of ambitious men questioning who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, Jesus held up a child before them for contrast and reproof, and said: "Except ye turn and become as little children ye shall not even *enter* the kingdom of heaven." Awe-struck evangelists, painters, sculptors, poets, preachers, never cease showing us that all-surpassing and supreme Figure, majestic in his greatness, standing at Capernaum beside the Galilæan lake with a little child in his arms.

And the greatest friend little children and their mothers have ever had in the world is that childless Man of Galilee, the holy, beautiful and gracious son of Mary, the Eternal Son of God.

IV

MINETTA BROOK

Roughly speaking, old New York was built upon the back of a petrified alligator, over sixteen miles long, nose at Spuyten Duyvil junction of Harlem and Hudson Rivers, haunches at Battery, Governor's Island at start of tail, Robbins Reef perhaps at tip. In the glacial period Philadelphia, then as now warmer than New York, was basking in the sun when the rocky isle of Manhattan was under ice a thousand feet deep. When glaciers withdrew on their northward way to clear a place for William Osler to be born in a Canadian parsonage and to get Labrador ready for Wilfred Grenfell, numerous immortal streamlets were left flowing through gashes which creased the alligator's back.

One of the least of these, springing deep down under Twentieth Street between Theodore Roosevelt's birthplace and The Methodist Book Concern, flows southward under the Fifth Avenue region through and beyond Washington Square, once a marsh, and empties into the Hudson at the foot of Charlton Street. In early maps of New Amsterdam it was a brook twelve feet wide with good fishing at Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street.

When Washington Square was a Potter's Field over a century ago, it washed paupers' bones long before it watered the roots of great elms and sycamores, which were the glory of later and still remembered years. The original Dutch settlers christened it Mintje Kill. When the British Admiral, Sir Peter Warren, came and obtained a grant of two hundred acres including it, its name was changed to Minetta Brook. In those years it was the source of water supply for the dwellers on its banks. This tiny rivulet, its infancy hidden under a great man's cradle, is itself among the Powers that Be. Buried alive, it is yet as free and irresistible as the Switzer's torrents that leap his rocks and plow his valleys without asking leave. Reigning hierarchies, pontifical or political, or both in one, on Fiftieth or Fourteenth Street, are as the idle wind which it regards not. A preposterous cacique of Greater New York, surnamed Hylan, could punish five enraged millions for electing him mayor by preventing for seven years sorely needed subways, but could not interfere one moment with Minetta's subways. Weak as water it is as resistless as Niagara. It does not even "pander to the moral sentiments" of an exasperated public as Boss Fernando Wood, one of Gotham's Great Moguls, found it prudent to do. Tables of stone with the Ten Commandments graven thereon would not block its way. Its ultimatum is as decisive as Lloyd Garrison's "I will not

compromise; I will not retreat a single inch," or Unconditional Surrender Grant's to Buckner at Fort Donaldson. To all who obstruct its passage it says: "I move upon your works immediately. Give me right of way or I will flood your cellars, undermine your foundations, make your buildings uninhabitable." (In 1924 a theater on Forty-second Street and a Broadway café were startled by a similar stream bursting up through their floors from unknown depths unannounced and resistless.)

This subterranean brooklet dictates terms to every building erected on or near its course. With the aid of my Little Gold Girl, since then gone to heaven, I examined the one put up in 1923 at Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street and found it resting on seventy concrete piles, hard as granite, more durable than iron, intended to give free course for Minetta Water to sweep or seep around them and go on its way unhindered. This redoubtable and vengeful rivulet promulgates its own Monroe Doctrine, loaded to the muzzle. "Keep your distance, make way," is the order. It behooves Dr. Elmer E. Brown, chancellor of New York University, to maintain amicable diplomatic relations on Washington Square with this tiny but truculent trickle. The mighty must stand at salute to receive orders from the minute. "Halt" cries voiceless Minetta, if even a huge over-towering university trespasses.

New York's multimillions tramping overhead are unaware of this omnipotent little despot. Street signs in old Greenwich Village section, "Minetta Street" and "Minetta Lane," alone remind the multitudes of its existence, known otherwise chiefly to builders and street commissioners, and Departments of Public Works, forced to do business with it meekly, only to hear its dictates and obey. It flows to-day under Minetta Street twenty feet below the surface, curving toward the Hudson.

Nearly forty years the imperial activities of Minetta have fascinated me. Its bewitching story has long threatened to come to the surface in print. During the twenty-seven editorial years I was crossing from Fourth to Fifth Avenue I was often inwardly more aware of its silence than of the "thunder of Broadway," compared with which no music seemed to Gilder half so sweet, not even the streams on his Four-Brooks-Farm at Tyringham in the Berkshires. Unlike Burns' "Bonnie Doon," Tennyson's "Brook," and Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee," Minetta is inaudible. It does not belong in Mrs. Browning's "Nooks of English Valleys, fed full of noises by invisible streams," found by Aurora Leigh in Shakespeare's England. It reminds that fine poet soul Dr. A. J. Lockhart (New England's beloved "Pastor Felix") of the buried brooklet in "Alastor" to which Shelley cried,

"O Stream
Whose Source is inaccessibly profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
Thou imagest my life."

While endless ages roll and countless generations pass overhead, none ever overhears Minetta's silent soliloquy. "I curve and flow to join the brimming river, for men may come and men may go, but I go on forever," as England's Laureate sang of his "Brook" in 1882.

During the many years that this overlooked streamlet has been flowing through my consciousness I have watched in vain for any mention of it in print. Whitman wrote of Manahatta, "city of hurried and sparkling waters," and scores have written of old New York, but never a word about Minetta. Richard Watson Gilder came nearest to being the laureate of the city which in his day had no finer citizen than he. He put in rolling verse the roaring thunders of Broadway, akin to the "surge and thunder of the Odyssey." When he lived in Washington Square, right over Minetta, he sang, "This is the part of the town that I love best;" although in later years he deserted its changing conditions for the alluring quiet and refined associations of select and aristocratic Gramercy Park, for over a century the chosen residence of the intellectual elite: Samuel Ruggles, founder of that legally reserved Park; James Duane, member of the Continental Congress and Constitutional Convention of 1788,

first mayor of New York, appointed by Washington first United States district judge of New York; James Harper, mayor of New York in 1844, founder of Harper & Brothers; Peter Cooper, founder of Cooper Union; the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, first rector of Calvary Church; the Rev. H. W. Bellows, first pastor of All Souls Unitarian Church; the Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, rector of Calvary, afterward Bishop of Western New York; Samuel J. Tilden, who came near being President of the United States; Abram S. Hewitt, mayor of New York; John Bigelow, minister to France; Stanford White, architect; Bishop Greer of the Diocese of New York; the Rev. H. Y. Satterlee, rector of Calvary, later Bishop of Washington, D. C.; Edwin Booth, actor; Federal Judge Henry Wade Rogers, previously president of Northwestern University, dean of the Law Schools of Michigan and Yale Universities. The lure of this resort of celebrities drew poet and editor Gilder from much altered Washington Square to end his days in Gramercy Park, a quiet nook just east of Fourth Avenue at 20th Street.

Gilder was chief instigator of the Washington Arch where Fifth Avenue starts northward on its magnificent way, carving upon it his own felicitous inscriptions, but never noticing Minetta flowing directly under the pediments of his arch. In November, 1924, the city celebrated Fifth Avenue's first little one hundred

years, as a Via Gloriosa, but none celebrated Minetta's million years. That primeval stream had been flowing for ages when Peter Minuit bought for twenty-four dollars the whole Manhattan Island, where now some Fifth Avenue land sells for $304 a square foot. After all the prose has prattled and poetry has rolled its rhythms through the centuries this unobtrusive potentate still lacks any celebrant; unpardonable *lèse majesté* which gives me one more chance to be a laureate for the overlooked. Nathan Hale, that intrepid youth who regretted he had only one life to give for liberty and human rights, shares in a way Minetta's obscurity. Of his unmarked, unrecorded grave one poet sings vaguely as "somewhere beneath the thundering city's pave," no one knows where, unless Minetta knows the spot and laves it with her lips.

The one most notable event locally linked with Minetta was the birth of Theodore Roosevelt in 1858, close to the source of this subterranean stream. Near where this tiny brooklet started on its inconspicuous but everlasting career, little Teddy climbed out of his cradle and toddled off across eventful years to cut a world-momentous waterway through the Isthmus of Panama, splitting the western hemisphere in twain with a canal for lack of which the whole world had consciously suffered during several centuries. Four hundred years ago Spain at the height of her

power saw the need of an interocean passage and considered it, but found difficulties insurmountable. Over seventy years ago what is now Colombia signed an agreement with our government preparing the way for the canal. Fifteen years later De Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, ambitious to add to his glory, organized a French company which spent three hundred million dollars and thousands of lives by disease on the Isthmus in eight years and then gave up the tremendous task. In 1901 Great Britain gave consent that our government should have full sovereignty rights over any isthmian canal that might be built. Negotiations with Colombia obtained concession of rights for the construction. Later Colombia withdrew her agreement. Roosevelt, seeing that an urgent, world-need, which had been halted for centuries, might be held up fifty years more, decided to take the Isthmus and go ahead "with the approval of such men as John Hay, Taft, and Elihu Root," to the everlasting benefit of the whole isthmian region, including Colombia, leaving settlement with that country to be made later, as it was. He secured from Congress authority to give Colonel Goethals a free hand in digging the canal, sending with him Colonel Gorgas to fight disease and make the isthmus healthful so laborers could live and work. Concerning this immortal world-benefiting act of Roosevelt, one writes a terse and vivid verse:

"A man went down to Panama
Where many men had died,
To slit the sliding mountains
And admit the eternal tide.
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside."

In the wide celebration of his sixty-seventh birthday one noted poet's tribute is entitled "Sometimes an Eagle Flies Across the Sun."

As to the momentousness of Roosevelt's deed, a French writer thinks that in the year 2000 the digging of the Panama Canal may stand out as the most world-transforming act of the twentieth century. "It has upset commercial world-currents that were centuries old, and has begun a new world-drama. In future ages this will be called the century of the Panama Canal and the Pacific Ocean. The enormous difficulty of the stupendous undertaking impressed Ramsay MacDonald, British ex-prime minister, when, seeking in travel recuperation from the wear and tear of public office, he went to see the Panama Canal. Passing through it he paused at Colon and wrote, "The mighty miracle done by the Americans, especially at the Atlantic end of the Canal Zone, shows how the will and intelligence of man can surmount obstacles and subdue Nature whether in her most gigantic or most minute terrors."

At Panama, if anywhere on earth by human will and energy, was a world-changing act. To the end of time mankind will see in letters of

inextinguishable light above the whole length of that earth-cleaving fissure the name of Roosevelt as indestructible as the continent it cleft into two. That wary Hoosier philosopher, T. R. Marshall, Woodrow Wilson's Vice-President, unawed by any man's alleged greatness, said, "Nobody yet has ever been big enough to swing the stars out of their courses or unbuckle Orion's belt." But mixing earth's vastest oceans and changing the currents of the commerce of the world and the pathways of its fleets was no petty provincial performance; nothing less than gigantic.

The feet which first pattered on the pavements of New York above Minetta Brook went pioneering through jungles of Panama, Africa, South America: in the last of which the print of his feet on its banks and the keel of his boat on its bosom made famous in 1914 the River of Doubt on which he and his party were wrecked in the Devil's Rapids (a liability on almost any stream of doubt). Doubt, hesitation, indecision, belong not in his swift career, instantaneous, downright, outspoken. Brazil consecrates his memory and punishes the river which threatened him by fixing his name upon it. Henceforth it is Rio Roosevelt on official maps. From Minetta Brook over to the wilds of South America ran the phenomenal life of a dynamic and unforgettable American; and now to the historian's imagination Roosevelt's river bends northward

across the equator to flow past the grave at Oyster Bay: a shrine for pilgrimages like Mount Vernon on the Potomac, and Springfield, Illinois.

His footprints are on all continents, most of all on his own. In the Black Hills the faces of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt look down from a huge, high cliff, carved in granite together—the last the only one of the four really known to and at home in that wild, rocky region.

Decisive words comporting with dynamic deeds are dinted in the record of the Minetta-born boy. At twenty-one he said, "I will live my life up to the hilt till I am sixty;" and he did it, driving the lightning express of his puissant career into the home station on January 6, 1919, less than three months beyond his announced schedule.

Advising the boys of the East Side how to play the game of life he said in vivid virile football lingo, "Don't flinch, don't foul, hit the line hard." And his trenchant words abide in bronze on New York's lower East Side.

When two powerful nations were pressing claims on poor Venezuela, and Germany refusing to join England in submitting claims to arbitration, was menacing with her war ships the little South American State, President Roosevelt intervened and said to Doctor Holleben, German ambassador at Washington, "Unless we have within forty-eight hours Germany's consent

to arbitrate, Admiral Dewey will move his battleship fleet from the West Indies to the coast of Venezuela." And the Kaiser consented. When Perdicaris, an American citizen, obscure but entitled to protection by his country, was held for ransom by Raisuli, a Moroccan bandit, Roosevelt flashed his demand to the Sultan of Morocco, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," and the Sultan got busy, the American was released. Kaiser and Sultan came down at Teddy's call. In 1905 a little New Hampshire seaport became famous in world-history when the Peace of Portsmouth was signed on American soil by two fighting nations, ending the Russo-Japanese war on September 6; a consummation largely influenced by weighty persuasions of the tactful President of the United States. A perpetual belligerent for the right, he carried in consequence an assassin's bullet in his body. When he was shot in Milwaukee he called to those who seized the would-be murderer, "Don't hurt him, bring him to me." When veterans of the Spanish War, nearly thirty years after, placed in Seaside Park, Coney Island, a tablet in honor of Comrade Theodore Roosevelt, author of the phrase "truculent righteousness," they inscribed upon the tablet a sentence from his writings, "Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords." Henry M. Stanley's words about Glave, the young African explorer, apply to Roosevelt. "He relished a task in proportion to

its hardness and welcomed danger with a fierce joy."

Few of nature's witcheries match the mystic charm of brooks. The liquid notes of the wood-thrush or Shelley's skylark at heaven's gate make no more perfect music than a mountain rill at Buck Hill in the Poconos, singing across the road under my feet and down the mossy slope through dense woods to the steep foamy plunge beyond like the Staubach at Lauterbrunnen. A certain bishop of an arduous Area, would like to have when retired from active service, a mountain brook in his backyard, with the Marine Band playing perfect music in his front-yard. Literature, like life, bubbles and babbles with brooks, and poets are obsessed: Milton's brooks in Vallombrosa o'erarched by Etrurian shades, strewn thick with autumn leaves: Dante's little brooks from the green hills of the Casentino going down into the Aruo, singing in the guilty Brescian coiner's memory far down in hell: Burns' "Bonnie Doon," whose banks and braes are dear as Highland Mary: Tennyson's immortal verses: Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee." To hearing ears, bright sparkling streams, like starry spheres, are "forever singing as they shine." Even a hidden brook may cast a spell and lasso the imagination as Minetta, lacking any other laureate, has mine for nearly half my lifetime.

Nearing the end of earthly life, I hear again

Minetta's silent laughter, the hidden Minnehaha of Manhattan's rocky isle, innocent denizen of the underworld, older than the oldest aborigines; and I also hear in Palestine one other subterranean stream which flows through memory. Wordsworth wrote of "subterranean music like the noise of bagpipes in distant highland hills." No music witches me as do the bagpipes, except the dear voice of my intoxicating Scotchman, Charles Macaulay Stuart.

Once fifty years ago I had the felicity of sleeping directly over a babbling brook hidden underground. It was a Holy Land night in a tent on a grassy plateau just above Solomon's Pools on the road from Jerusalem to Hebron. Five men listened with an ecstasy of awe to its liquid laughter along its rocky channel, gurgling underneath us down from springs higher up, on its way to the Pools just below. To the man on the cot next to Harry W. Warren's it recalled the "pleasant noise the sails made on till noon," in the ears of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner: "A noise as of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June, which to the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune."

To Henry Warren it suggested the solemn voice of Conscience at the bottom of the soul in the dark night watches. The memory of this was revived by Riley's verses on "Conscience," in which a boy lying awake all alone in the dark, hectored by his conscience in the middle of the

night, asks his merciless tormentor, "Where do you stay day-times?" An exemplary wife and mother in Philadelphia, troubled with insomnia, said to her minister, "Sometimes when I lie awake hour after hour I seem to myself the meanest woman in the world." But her family and friends knew it was her nerves that did that, and her exacting ideals, not her conscience. Russell Lowell's fine aphorism about conscience seems not irrelevant here: "Conscience is the good taste of the soul, as good taste is the conscience of the mind."

Minetta Brook and the underground stream above Solomon's Pools, and the voice of conscience in the depths of the soul—they all have somewhat to say or suggest. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." Bishop Quayle, for one, had ears to hear inarticulate voices in deep depths or on far heights. The microphone overhearing the conversation of insects was "not in it" with him. The radio in the Steinmetz Laboratory at Schenectady hearing the roaring of iron atoms as they are attacked by the magnet "had nothing on him" or on us. *"With Earth and Sky"* he heard loud reverberations of silence; heard what the angels say gossiping up and down the Milky Way; walked past the windows of the Pleiades when lights were lit and curtains up, and knew the family secrets of the Seven Stars. The radio was nothing new to him; for fifty years, like countless millions in

all ages, he was listening in on Heaven, till on March 9, 1925, he went up the shining way to a "house not made with hands." Before his ascension he said he wanted to live next door to me up Yonder. My heart links that message with the one sent me from his death-bed by my college-friend, that Christian gentleman par excellence, George Slocum Bennett, of Wilkes-Barre; "Give him my love. Tell him I'll meet him on the other side." He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken. And "through the ages all along" Minetta Brook will still flow from Roosevelt's birthplace "to join the brimming river" in the greatest of earth's cities.

V

THE WATERMARK IN HUMAN NATURE

THE oldest Scripture is written legibly in the created universe, wherein is a revelation of infinite power, wisdom, and beneficence. In Alfred Noyes' words, "There is a scribble of God's finger in the sky." The universe and its revelation are older than the Bible, older than man.

The clearest, fullest, all-revealing, all-sufficing Scripture is written in the Bible, chiefly in the New Testament by its revelation of God in Christ—his personality, his life, his teaching, his atoning death and glorious resurrection.

But the closest, deepest, most intimate and most inescapable Scripture is written not in stars and seas and rocks nor on tables of stone nor in the Holy Book, but on the tablets of the human heart and conscience; more inescapable than the revelations of universe, or Bible; closer to us "than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet." The physical universe is external to man and the revelation of God therein can be ignored; the Bible also is external and can be put upon the shelf; but a man cannot put away his own inner nature nor tear out instincts and convictions which are woven into the very tissues of his moral being.

The watermark in human nature seems an apt descriptive name for that inwritten Scripture. The watermark in writing paper is something worked into the very tissues of the paper. It is part of the plan and make of the paper, not stamped on externally after the paper was finished, like a notary public's certificate and seal on a legal document, but put into the paper when the paper was made by whoever made the paper. Usually it is the name of the maker. A peculiarity of the watermark is that it is invisible if the paper lies flat, but becomes visible when the paper is lifted and held against the light.

The bottom fact for man, the fact which is the very corner stone of all religion, is not an inspired Book, but his own moral and spiritual nature. Except by exercising the faculties of his own spiritual nature man has no capacity for receiving a revelation from any source, nor any power of judging whether a book is or is not divine. And it is upon the verdict of those faculties that the Old and New Testaments chiefly depend for acceptance as divine and authoritative. It was that verdict that settled the faith of the poet Whittier, who in late years wrote to a friend: "Really, the convincing reason why we receive the Bible as the Word of God is because it accords with our highest intuitions. We find the law and the prophets in our own souls. Our hearts burn within us as

we walk with Jesus through the New Testament." Those farsighted intuitions, deep and high, are God's tuitions. To another friend Whittier wrote: "The inner revelation written by the spirit of the living God is the stronghold of Christianity against the critical and agnostic spirit of our age. No revelation of science, no destructive biblical criticism can shake the faith of those who listen for the voice of God in their own souls." In accord with Whittier's reasoned conviction, based on the Scripture written on the heart and conscience, is Russell Lowell's faith in what he called the Rock of Ages. That he regarded those intuitions as fundamental and decisive was indicated in a letter to a friend by a remark directed at those who make protoplasm an atheistic fetish: "Such a mush seems to me a poor substitute for the Rock of Ages—by which I mean a certain set of deep central instincts which mankind have found solid under their feet in all weathers"—instincts which lie deeper than natural science can fathom with its explanations and speculations, or even imagine intelligently.

As to the contents of this inner Scripture, a brief analysis and orderly enumeration may give greater definiteness to faith and greater depth to conviction and may kindle into intensity our Christian enthusiasm. Holding human nature up against the light we see watermarked in its tissues certain words corresponding to realities

and indicative of innate convictions concerning spiritual things.

I. Truth. Truth is the opposite of falsehood or error. It is idea, conception, statement corresponding with the facts in the case. Every sound mind believes in the reality of truth, and recognizes its superiority to error, its claim on human credence and acceptance, its sure guidance to safety and well-being. Moreover, the human mind, instinctively assuming that truth is within its reach and that man is equipped with faculties able to discover and apprehend truth, seeks truth as hungrily as it seeks food, and forever persists in the pursuit of truth from generation to generation, however unsuccessful the search. It is impossible to make a sane man believe that there is no such thing as truth—or that truth and error are the same thing, or that they are of equal merit or worth, or that it makes no difference which of them we choose and follow and propagate. When an Indian squaw, being sworn in court, was asked if she understood the nature of the oath she had taken, she said it was a strong promise to tell the truth. Requested to define the difference between the truth and a lie, she said: "The truth is the truth and a lie is a lie: They are different, and you can't make them alike." Even a squaw knows that. Finally, man instinctively expects with undying optimism the ultimate triumph of truth and the banishing of error.

II. Right. Right as a reality is written on the tablets of the heart, watermarked in the tissues of man's nature. Right is agreement with the will of God, conformity with the supreme moral standard. Whether it is right because God wills it, or whether God wills it because it is right is a metaphysical question of small practical importance, though we incline to think the authoritative standard is lodged in the divine nature, in the bosom of God. Man instinctively knows that right and wrong are opposites, and that all sanctity, dignity, authority, and claim are with the right, none whatever with the wrong. Impossible to persuade any normal person that there is no difference between them, or that the difference is unimportant. It is the supreme difference, and cleaves the universe in twain. And man's own nature tells him he ought to "abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good."

However men's ideas may differ as to what is right and what wrong in any given case, no normally constituted human being can question the reality of right. When young Horace Bushnell paced his room in Yale College, overwhelmed by doubt and darkness, he said to himself, "Is there, then, nothing that I firmly believe?" And his mind answered, "Yes, there is this one: I have never doubted the distinction between right and wrong. I cannot doubt the reality of right." And when a man recognizes and admits the

reality of right he faces the necessity of believing, and is mightily helped to believe, a great deal more.

As Froude, the historian, said in his greatest lecture: "The moral law is written on the tablets of Eternity. The universe is so made that truth and justice alone can endure. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived but doomsday comes to them at last, often in terrible way."

"God's will fulfilled shall be,
For in daylight or in dark
His thunderbolt hath eyes to see
Its way home to the mark."

The same moral law which the student of history sees operating in events and in human experience, the student of anthropology finds written on the tablets of the human heart as on the tablets of Eternity. The organ faculty by which man discerns right from wrong we call conscience — con-scio — knowledge with — with God, knowing as God knows the difference between right and wrong. As Browning puts it,

"The truth in God's breast
Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed."

Of conscience there is no better brief and simple description than to say it is the voice inside a man which says "I ought" or "I ought not." Of this holy voice Bishop Butler says in one of his "Sermons on Human Nature," "Had it strength as it has right, had it power as it has manifest

authority, it would absolutely govern the world." It is the voice of duty.

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So like is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

And when he says, "I will," his soul is saved.

By following Nietzsche beyond Good and Evil, a man or a nation comes to the place where Might makes right, and that is hell, the abode of the damned. Twenty centuries after Christ a nation or government by disregarding the majesty and authority of Right and acting upon the diabolical doctrine that might makes right has made "kultur" and barbarism synonymous. The task before civilized nations to-day is to enforce upon all governments the law of righteousness written in the conscience of every sane and undebauched moral being.

III. God. In the sixteenth century Calvin emphasized the evidential force of what he called the *sensus divinitatis in ipsis medullis et visceribus hominis infixus*—the sense of God infixed in the very brain and viscera of man. And long before the third century, Tertullian, famous for his defense of the Christian community against its vilifiers, a defense which pictured the innocence, brotherliness, and philanthropy of the Christians, their simplicity, frugality, and prayerfulness, in the days when

all that Rome could hear from the catacombs where the Christians hid from persecutions was the murmur of prayer, the hymns of the martyrs and the songs of praise to Christ—Tertullian in those early days pointed out to the Romans that the universal sense of God and craving for God was a proof of his existence, and set forth "the natural Christianity of the soul" by showing that the truths of the gospel find an echo in the convictions and needs of the human heart.

IV. God — The Creator. Practically all men, the untutored and the learned alike, believe in a Creator. The North American Indian, whose favorite name for the Supreme Being is a word which literally signifies the "Power that makes," and Herbert Spencer using the lingo of science: "Amid all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," savage and sage are agreed. Napoleon on the ship's deck, waving his hand toward the glittering night sky and saying, "Gentlemen, who made all that?" spoke the universal human mind. Speaking of Napoleon we recall Count Tolstoy's story in his powerful book, *War and Peace,* of Prince Andre Bolonsky lying wounded on the battlefield. Bolonsky, recovering consciousness, opened his eyes, hoping to see how the artillery struggle with the enemy ended and anxious to know whether or not the red-headed artillerist

was killed, and the cannon saved or captured. But lying on his back, he could see nothing but the lofty immeasurable sky. "How still, calm, and solemn. How entirely different from when I was running," said Prince Andre to himself. "It was not so when we were all running and shouting and fighting. How is it that I never before saw this lofty sky, and how glad I am that I have learned to know it at last! Yes, all is empty, all is deception except those infinite heavens. Nothing, nothing at all beside: And silence and peace. Thank God: they are full of—"

Then the Emperor Napoleon, the idol of the young Russian prince's worship, passes with his staff.

"Voilà une belle mort," said Napoleon, gazing at Bolonsky. Prince Andre realized that this was said to him, and that it was spoken by Napoleon. But he heard these words as if they had been the buzzing of a fly. He knew that this was Napoleon, his hero; but at that moment Napoleon seemed to him small and insignificant in comparison with that lofty heaven with the clouds flying over it. It was a matter of utter indifference to him who stood looking down upon him, or what was said about him at that moment. Nothing earthly mattered any more. The prince had never really noticed the infinite heavens nor said, "Thank God," until he lay bleeding to death on the battlefield. Man's

reason responds to the silent argument of the starry sky. The formulated argument from design is as old as Xenophon's "Memorabilia." Paley and the authors of the Bridgewater Treatises gave the argument its fullest development. Even to such a man as Voltaire that argument furnished convincing proof of the existence of God. To the logical mind of John Stuart Mill the manifest presence of intelligence and design in nature was the most unquestionable of all these evidences, amounting to absolute demonstration.

For over two generations past some have imagined that the certainty of a Creator was blurred by some discoveries in natural science; that the force of the argument from design had been weakened; and thus the flimsy faith of some was shaken. We have passed through a period of hasty, shallow, and nearsighted thinking. We have emerged into the open. The panic proved to be but temporary. To-day the man of science who does not know that even in scientific circles the overpushed pendulum has swung back again to the argument from design as proof of an infinite creative Intelligence is belated and uninformed as to what has gone on in the intellectual world. Once more the logical proof of God as Creator has its unclouded place in the sun, just as the innate belief in the power that makes it lodged firmly in the common sense of mankind and graven deep into the tablets of the human heart. If the Son of man should come

now, he would find on the earth more faith in a divine Creator, a Power that makes, an infinite and eternal personal Energy from whom all things proceed, than was here thirty or forty years ago, or ever before since the morning stars first sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy their homage to the Creator. Darwin's theory of the origin of species lacks confirmation.

That a regulating law of development is seen in natural history controlling the order of progress no intelligent person will deny. God is a God of order and not of confusion. But the Darwinian theory of natural selection as a valid and adequate account of the universe is unproved by facts. There is no instance of variation by natural selection. The Darwinian school reasoned that it is no longer necessary to infer the presence of design in this universe "now that the law of natural selection has been discovered." Darwin's discovery, shared by Wallace, was supposed by many unscientific persons to have dispensed with a Creator. The funeral of God was announced. But after the Darwinian theory had been long and searchingly scrutinized, pondered, and tested, Lord Kelvin, a scientist of highest rank, summed up his judgment in these words: "The argument of design has been too much lost sight of in zoological speculations. Overpowering proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us,

and come back upon us with irresistible force, showing us the influence of a Free Will working through nature, and teaching us that all living things depend on one ever living Creator and Ruler."

Lord Salisbury, one of England's greatest minds, in an address delivered by him as president of the British Association of Science in the Sheldonian Theater at Oxford, controverted and dismissed Darwin's theory of the origin of species, criticizing in particular Professor Weismann for demanding acceptance for a mere theory the truth of which Weismann admitted he could not demonstrate, and for a hypothetical process the operation of which he confessed he could not even imagine. Lord Salisbury pointed out that no instance of variation by natural selection had been proved. But variation of species by external superintending purpose directing the action of natural forces is one of the most familiar facts of our modern world. (For some of these facts inquire of Luther Burbank, whose superintending intelligence makes a business of producing variations of species.) Science cannot silence Browning in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau":

"This is the glory—that in all
I recognized a mind,
Not mine, but like mine,
Making all things for me, and me for Him."

Darwin did not render absurd the rapturous

words of Kepler, discovering the laws by which the planets move, recognizing a Mind like his own at work in the universe, and exclaiming with a sense of kinship and intercourse with the Infinite Intelligence, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee."

V. God.—A Moral Governor. This, too, is among man's natural and instinctive convictions, written within, also forever corroborated and taught in that school of Law which we call Life. The human being very early becomes a student of law, with experience as his teacher. Beginning probably with the law of gravitation, he encounters the laws one by one and learns what they require of him. The child failing through ignorance to regard the law of gravitation, falls and is bruised; gets his first lesson in law. The System of Things uses the earth as a big hammer to drive the lesson in with painful emphasis. The child puts down in his notebook that day, "Law No. 1." From that he goes on discovering laws, finds that he and the whole universe are under law—laws physical, mental, moral, spiritual. He observes that the System of Things smiles on the lawkeeper and rewards him, frowns on the lawbreaker and penalizes him. The system of Things says, "It shall be well with the righteous."

This is a governed universe, a cosmos, not a chaos. Law implies a Lawgiver, a government means a Governor. Belief in a Moral Governor

is natural and almost inevitable to normal human nature. Men announce their discovery and phrase their common conviction, each in his own vernacular. A sea captain, ashore for a few hours, went into a prayer meeting and stood up to bear his testimony: "My friends, I have sailed many seas, landed in many ports, heard many languages, seen many people in many lands. I have observed that this world seems to be so made that wherever a man is he can afford to do just about right, and he can't afford to do otherwise." So testifies the plain sailor man, coming from his ship at anchor in the harbor, and standing up to speak in church. To like effect, if not in like manner, Matthew Arnold, speaking from his pinnacle on the highest plateau of intellectual culture, using the vocabulary of his critical class, voices the same conviction with equal certitude, when he bows reverently before the "Power (not ourselves) that makes for righteousness."

This conviction concerning moral government and a Moral Governor, which is confirmed by common experience and by the loftiest and profoundest thinking, is among our intuitive beliefs, written in us by the spirit of the living God that made us.

VI. Free Agency. Moral freedom, power of choice, ability to choose either the right or the wrong is elementary in consciousness. When a fatalistic theology, now silent, told us that our

fate is foreordained by eternal decrees; or Spinoza told us that our free will is an illusion, or a metaphysical fatalism tells us we are necessarily controlled by the strongest motive, so that our choice and action are determined by the Power which selects and presents the motive, or materialistic scientists tells us that we are automata, mere machines operated by vital forces: we pay no more attention to them than was paid to the old sophists when they proved the impossibility of motion by saying, "A body cannot move where it is nor where it is not." Men kept on moving about as usual, simply got up and went, in the most unsophisticated manner, not being metaphysical enough to know how impossible it was for them to do so. The denials of free agency make no more impression than did Bishop Berkeley's denial of the existence of matter, to which Byron replied, "When Berkeley says there is no matter, it is no matter what Berkeley says;" no more impression than was made on the Board of Education in Burlington, Iowa, by Mother Eddy's non-Christian non-Scientists requesting that their children be excused from studying physiology because they did not want their children to believe that such things as stomach, liver, lungs, and other physical organs have any real existence. Although Huxley's general teaching favored the idea that we are machines worked by vital forces, yet he says, inconsistently, "Our volition counts for

something in conditioning the course of events." Something in his own complex nature made that sure.

The only answer we take the trouble to make to the deniers, is the curt and impatient reply of rough Sam Johnson when he broke away from a pertinacious disputant, saying, "I know I'm free, and that's the end of it."

Man's free agency and power of choice are matters of consciousness written deep in his inmost conviction, a part of the Holy Scripture watermarked in his very nature.

VII. Accountability. This is the inevitable corollary and consequence of freedom. However the speculative question may be subtly argued about, man's accountability is everywhere assumed as a fundamental certainty. Human society treats the individual as responsible for his doings, and calls him to account. Every man, whatever his attitude toward himself, holds his neighbors responsible for their behavior toward him. The transgressor is prone to put in the plea of nonresponsibility. In the New York city Tombs there was a prisoner who wrote poems for the newspapers, one of which was a plea for leniency on the ground that he had been overcome by too-strong temptation, that he was not bad but only weak; and he spoke of himself pathetically as "a waif of life in the current strong." But I noticed that no attention was paid to his plea by the court which tried

him. When his case came up he got the full penalty of the law he had broken. Every court on earth or in heaven proceeds and must proceed on the certainty that the individual is responsible. Gradually it is explained to the individual by the System of Things, by the sky and the earth and the men around him, that he is held accountable for his words and actions. Omar Kháyyám probably knew in his inmost soul that he was guilty of a futile attempt at evasion when he argued with the Supreme Power which held him responsible, "True, I am a sinner; but consider in what a tangled world you placed me, with what strong passions and what a feeble will."

Far deeper, and more convincing still, man's own nature holds him responsible. There is an Authority within which summons him to the bar and pronounces judgment. "Every man bears about a silent court of justice in his breast, himself the judge and jury, and himself the prisoner at the bar."

Physical science teaches that the universe makes and preserves as in a book a literal record of every word and act. A Day of Judgment when the books shall be opened is scientifically among the most reasonable of human expectations, and the transgressor's "fearful looking for the judgment to come" is warranted by the habitual attitude and aspect of the System of Things toward the violater of law.

VIII. Sin. Sin is moral misbehavior, moral failure. The figurative words used to signify sins are suggestive. Among the punctilious Chinese, the most minutely ceremonious people in the world, the word which comes nearest to expressing our idea of sin is one the root meaning of which is, a breach of etiquette—in the minds of the rigidly punctilious an inexcusable offense.

The figurative word of the New Testament for sin means literally missing the mark. "I have sinned: I have missed the mark." One of the New Year's emblems which Japanese friends send to each other pictures a target with an arrow sticking in the bull's eye, meaning, "May you hit the mark." Here is the idea of a mark to be aimed at, a definite standard to be recognized and complied with. Men know they have failed to reach their own ideal, much more the divine standard of right behavior. They have missed the mark at which the soul and life should aim. Nay, worse: they have often utterly ignored the mark, not even caring to hit it. Even the best of them know they have fallen short, and the better they are the more painfully conscious are they of their shortcomings and failures.

Sin as a fact is watermarked in the central consciousness of mankind. The hearts of men are troubled by a sense of guilt. Even through the rudest worship of savage peoples the penitential note strikes in. Even in forests and

jungles there are altars raised for the offering of propitiatory sacrifices to placate offended deity and avert divine wrath. Self-inflicted penances are practised even among untutored tribes. Such things are proofs of conscious sin and guilt in the natural man.

The distinctness and intensity of this natural sense of sin vary in different individuals and at different stages of spiritual progress. Keukichy Kataoka, an eminent Japanese statesman, became a Christian by degrees, and described the stages of his progress. He came first to a belief in God as a heavenly Father who cares for his children and hears and answers their prayers. The sense of sin, at least any deep sense of it, and the belief of the divinity of Christ, were slow in coming. And these two came close together. He could scarcely tell which came first. The most significant fact is that as his sense of demerit, shortcoming, sin deepened he felt his need of divine help through an atoning Saviour, and soon he could look up humbly to the Redeemer and say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Then he publicly made confession of sin and openly declared himself a Christian. Incomplete religions, like Parseeism, say: "Yes, man is a sinner in word and deed and thought. The only way to atone is by better behavior." Without the Christian gospel no other atonement is known. This is one defect of non-Christian religions.

Sin, guilt, penalty—these are written connectedly in the convictions and apprehensions of man's inmost soul; and the tragedy of them is the theme of some of the mightiest literature.

Truly it is said that "Dante's conception of the 'Inferno' was wrought out of his life, with labor, with agonies, with blood and tears. It was conceived in a passion of love and regret, matured through years of struggle and sorrow. That world of torment which he pictured—he knew it, for he had lived it. He had tasted the bitterness of banishment, destitute, exiled, and hated. He had learned that the soul has no hope and no stay save in the Eternal. Thus he came through suffering and torment to an overpowering conviction of the reality of the Unseen. In a sense he took upon himself the sins of the world, and felt that the cause of the world's woe is wickedness and that its all-inclusive misery is its want of the knowledge and love of God, the Saviour."

Herbert Spencer is quoted as saying, "Every man with a sensitive conscience knows what it is to be in hell, and has stayed there long enough to know what eternal punishment means." Sam Jones, reformed from a life of dissipation and vice into a powerful evangelist, when asked if he believed there is a hell, answered, feelingly and conclusively, "I've been there."

Seneca, the ancient Roman moralist, said, "The whole human race needs forgiveness."

And now for the first, in our present study, we have come in sight of Calvary. The consciousness of sin and the conscious need of forgiveness make Christianity credible. That deep want is a socket into which the cross fits exactly. The crucifixion took place on the summit of man's highest heavenward aspiration.

We have enumerated some of the convictions watermarked in man's nature, innate and intuitive, not injected and not originated nor introduced by education or invention.

One more great word is watermarked within, visible when the light shines through.

IX. Immortality. Dr. R. Martin Pope says: "Our acceptance of immortality on the Christian basis depends entirely on the kind of impression which the transcendent personality and life of Jesus convey to our spirit."

That is true, but the belief in life beyond the grave is not exclusively Christian; it was in the world before Jesus came. Although brought fully to light only by him, it was ever an innate premonition, part of the watermark in aboriginal human nature, before there were philosophers to argue it or prophets to announce it. Seers and sages even before Christ taught it: Aristotle — "Whatsoever that be within us that talks, thinks, desires, animates, is something celestial, divine, and consequently imperishable;" Socrates, when the cup of poison was bringing death to his lips—"You may bury

me if you can catch me. That which you bury will not be Socrates. I am certain that there is something hereafter, and something better for the good than for the bad."

But the basis of man's belief in a future life is broader and deeper than the reasoning of scholars and sages, as well as antecedent to the New Testament. The primitive races showed signs of presentiments and apprehensions like those which Aristotle and Socrates entertained. The wild untaught red Indian found on this continent by our forefathers in the beginning did not imagine this life to be all, but believed that, beyond the golden gates of the west and the red splendor of sunsets, there were happy hunting grounds for the good Indian.

In all ages there has been in a man the apprehension of a spirit-world unperceived by bodily senses, surrounding or pervading the physical world; and also the expectation of continued spiritual existence beyond this present life on earth. A sense of something in him that was not born to die is liable to stir in every man, whether savage or civilized. In quaint Henry Vaughan's words, at times "we feel through all our fleshly dress bright shoots of everlastingness." This expectation is as necessary to any worthy life for man as it is inherent in his constitution. If the wages of virtue were dust, man would not have the heart to endure for the fate of the worm and the fly. The general law and

custom of God's universe seems to be, that what is necessary is provided. And so this needed preintimation of future existence is inwrought in the tissues of the soul, part of the watermark in human nature, in order that there may be in man adequate reason, motive, and aspiration for worthy, courageous, and noble thinking and living.

We have now enumerated the items in the contents of the Holy Scripture, written not with ink, but by the spirit of the living God; not on tables of stone, but on the tablets of the heart. And these items: Truth; Right; God a Creator and a Moral Governor; Free Agency; Moral Accountability; Sin and Guilt; Atonement; Repentance, Forgiveness, Salvation; Immortality —these make up the bulk and substance of religion; there is full warrant for speaking of the "substance of religion," for these very intuitions, lying like shadows in the depths of the soul, or like gleams of light across the mind, are evidence that religion is substantial. Only substance could cast such shadows, only a real source of radiance diffuse such light.

In his *Foundations of Belief* A. J. Balfour speaks of "beliefs which everybody holds," and says that investigations into the ultimate grounds of belief had better begin with those practically universal beliefs. Borden P. Bowne spoke of "beliefs which we hold, not because we have proved them, but which we sometimes try

to prove because we hold them"; he might have said just as truly, "they hold us." They are the response of the soul to what we have seen to be watermarked in the human constitution.

At this point the moral integrity of the Maker is involved. If these inwrought convictions do not point to realities, then the Creator who made man thus has practiced deception on us. This is not only morally impossible but scientifically absurd, for John Tyndall, an honest man of science, said: "Even from a purely scientific standpoint we discover a *Veracity at the Heart of Things.*" Science finds everywhere in the universe an honest God, not made by man but maker and lover of honest men—not of ribald scoffers, earning a living by vilifying Christianity and defending vile literature venders.

Science reports that it finds no instance of any creature cursed by the Creator with an instinctive craving, a constitutional need or capacity, for the satisfaction of which there is in that creature's environment no supply, nothing corresponding to the innate desire. Science finds that cravings and expectations congenitally implanted in even the humblest creatures appear to be guaranteed by the System of Things, like notes indorsed by the Bank of the Universe.

Because it is not credible that the Veracity at the Heart of Things, who has never been caught deceiving even a worm or a black beetle,

has lied to his noblest creature, therefore it is scientifically certain that man's innate moral convictions correspond to realities, that Religion's world is actual, factual, and that the Holy Scripture within us is authentically in the handwriting of Him who cannot lie.

Religion is real.

VI

A PHYSICIAN IN WONDERLAND

No profession has men of more self-sacrificing spirit than the medical, real angels of mercy. Yet we have known some famous physicians, one of whom, at least, while brilliant in the technique of his profession and showy in displaying his knowledge, lacked so much the saving grace of common sense and was so destitute of practical wisdom that more than one of his patients said, "The man is a fool." Yet a physician has a good chance to be, and ought to be, one of the wisest and most sensible of men. The directness and immediacy of his contact with sheer, undisguised, natural human nature is calculated to give him correct and singular knowledge of the human elements. In the conversation and writings of a gifted, thoroughly trained, honest, and experienced physician, we might reasonably expect to find a penetrating insight, a cool judgment, an unperturbed confidence, a patient considerateness, a gentle but unhesitating candor, a shrewd incisiveness of comment, and withal a kindly humor which together would make his words sagacious, pointed, and reasonable. All this and something more we find in Dr. Stephen Paget, who has a brainy style of his

own, samples of which we may lawfully glean. To this sensitive, observant, and thoughtful physician the world is as full of wonder as any region in which Lewis Carroll's Alice found herself. Quoting Aristotle's saying that wisdom begins in wonder, he says: "The only way toward wisdom is that which begins at the gate of Surprise and goes along the dim groves of Bewilderment." Then he has this about what the Fool says in his heart: "The fool is he who takes for his motto *Nil Admirari.* He does not wonder at anything. He chose this motto, suggested by the devil, because he says in his heart that there is no God, nothing to wonder at. He is not surprised, not he, at nature. He sees what is in his line of sight, and is sure that he can judge, from that, the rest of the show. You, of course, are the fool, to his thinking, because you wonder. You and your God, says he, just suit each other. Your God was invented by primitive man, Caliban scared by the lightning, calling it Setebos. Point by point, says he, man elaborated God always as a large old Personage up in the clouds amid thunder and lightning. That is what comes of wondering. Men went on wondering at nature till they imagined God; and the pavements of the temples of Greece and Rome, and of Jerusalem, were slippery with blood, and hideous with beasts kicking and gasping in death, to please God; which all the time was only the name for a

man's fright at the sight of his own shadow. "And that is all that there is, and quite enough for me," says the fool; and "I wonder if and whether, and when and where, but I make it a point of honor never to wonder; and *Nil Admirari* is the motto of my family." What have we to say to this Fool? asks Dr. Paget. For he is so well informed, quick with references and authorities, expert in the use of history, criticism, and book-learning. He has had such long innings, and drives the ball of Religion so high over the pavilion of Logic; and if you cannot get him out, with all your modern advantages, how can I? Let us put aside the hope that we shall argue him down. It will take us all our time to argue ourselves up. We have our motto, *Semper admirari;* let us see what comes of Wonder. On the "Wonder of Pain" Doctor Paget says: "'Fools,' says Pope, 'rush in where angels fear to tread.' There are many fools who are afraid of treading anywhere. But angels rush in, without fear, everywhere; and, the more fearsome a place looks, the more haste they make to tread it. They leave the fool outside, shuffling with embarrassment, self-conscious, half-hearted, wondering if and whether, and letting I dare not wait upon I would. For instance, when the people next-door lost their only child, there was a fool who left his card, because he was afraid to go in; but there was an angel who rushed in, and broke down, and cried,

so that the other two found their tears; and it was time that they did, or one of them would have gone out of her mind. And when that young fellow, you know whom I mean, was getting into evil ways, and there was a lot of talk, but none of us quite liked to interfere, it was old Angelus who said, 'Call yourselves his friends? I call you a pack of fools,' and went straight off to him, and said that which made him turn over not one leaf, but half a dozen, and tear the old leaves out of the book of his life and burn them. That is the way of all angels; they are absolutely fearless, and, where they can be of any service, there they tread. Their one anxiety is, that they may be too late; they dare not risk the shame of delay, the disgrace of not behaving like angels. So, if I venture into the presence of the wonder of Pain, I may be less of a fool than usual, and more of an angel. For the angels are there before me, and the whole place is full of the sound of their feet; and they keep saying that *there is, because there must be, a meaning in all pain.* They know that pain will never let go of life; that earth rings, like hammered iron, and always did, and always will, with pain, pain, pain; and they have the face, these bold angels, to say that there must be, therefore there is, a meaning in every bit of it, past, present, and to come." At Clifton Springs two men, each of whom lived face to face with chronic suffering in the person of his

Dearest, discussed in a moonlight "walk" the meaning of suffering. At the end of their "walk" the U. S. Commissioner of Education, now Chancellor of New York University, said, "What a poor world this would be if there were no suffering in it!" "Christian Science does not believe in angels, because she does not believe in pain, and they do; and the contrast between her and them, on a GOOD FRIDAY, is one of the sights of London." After pointing out some of the uses of pain (for one use, many of the finest souls are made perfect through suffering), Doctor Paget admits that there is some pain the use and reason of which we cannot discover. At that we have to stop. Beyond that, we depend on faith and not on explanation. "It is not Faith's business to be an universal explainer; she has trouble enough without that. Hope and Charity go ahead; she limps after them, so tired of looking at what she cannot see, listening to what she cannot hear. They two fare pleasantly; there is always a welcome for them, and a seat at the table; Hope tells such a good story, Charity spends so much for the good of the place; but, Faith, poor soul, cannot give a satisfactory account of herself, and must beg her way from door to door, while Hope and Charity are under shelter. When I think what she has to put up with, I am half inclined to say that Faith, after all, is the greatest of the three." On the "Wonder of Beauty" we find this: "Not long ago I was in Regent's Park,

and so was the Spring. Blue sky, pink almond blossoms, and green buds were given away to all; and I had done nothing to deserve this treat. It is true that I had been chilled and fogged by a most unkind March; and I did feel that the Spring was bound to warm and air me, and to make me fairly comfortable. She had kept me waiting so long, while she was putting on her new gown; she could hardly say now that she was not at home. She was reviving all creatures, and might as well include me. But why do more? Why not warm and air me like a dormouse, or a pair of sheets, and therewith be content? Mark now what she did. She made love to me; she downright courted me, as if I were the only man in the world. It sounds incredible; for the Park was crowded with other people, not less attractive than myself. She did not mind that; she singled me out, cried to me to stop, ran after me, took my ugly face between her dear hands, and kissed me full on the lips. Think of me; think of her. All that she had she gave to me. For my sake, she had woven light and air into a veil, set the almond blossoms against the sky, and covered the hedges with shining buds; she had even remembered to put the amethysts on the dwarf rhododendrons at the lower right-hand corner of the Broad-Walk, just to please me. To the rest of us she was equally kind; she made love to us all. But the point is that she made it to me; and would have made it none the less,

if I had been the only man there; indeed, she would have made it all the more. What is the meaning of her passion for me, her pursuit of me, me of all men? She flung herself at my head, and her treasures at my feet. Who was I, that she was thus prodigal? I had asked only for warmth and fresh air, and I was caught up into heaven. What does it all mean? Am I God, that Spring should thus work miracles in my name, and give her kingdom to me? The Fool here leaves his uneasy place in the Psalms, and offers to explain what happened in the Park. It was, he says, the result of your environment, acting on your physical faculties. Fool, say I, proceed; I am deeply interested, and I seek the truth at any price. Well, says he, something in the Park was impinging on something in your nervous system, which wasn't there; and it went on impinging, till what wasn't there was there. Your environment created, in your subliminal consciousness, a definite series of coordinated associations; and that is why you thought the Park beautiful. Fool, say I, this explanation, for a thousand reasons, is ridiculous. Parks are not capable of creating a series of any kind. Besides, it was not a series; it was a blend, of my own making, a most supra-liminal blend. Besides, I did not *think* the Park beautiful; I tell you, it *was* beautiful. Besides, I am sure that I was impinging on the Park, not only the Park on me; for I could feel myself doing it; and I should not

have been in the Park, if the Park had not been in me. Well, says he, I cannot argue with a bigger fool than myself. So he goes away; and I fall to wondering at the eternal fact of the beauty of the world." On the "Wonder of Death" Doctor Paget says: "At a funeral, I long to hear the Hallelujah Chorus; for though a man be dead, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth; and we have a right to hear that, in place of the Dead March from 'Saul.' Funeral services are for the living, not for the dead, who hear not a word, nor a note of the music. When it is my turn may there be no hint, in words or in music, that my going was half so strange as my staying; no bewildered airs on the organ, like questions put and not answered; no comparison of me to Saul; let my ashes be used *ad majorem Gloriam Dei,* to say that the wonder of Death is nothing, compared to the wonder of Life; and the Kingdom of Death is nothing compared to the Kingdom of God." On the "Use of Wonder,' this wise English physician, who belongs with Sir William Osler of Oxford, Drs. Weir Mitchell and W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, and Dr. Howard A. Kelly of Johns Hopkins, says: "It is an old half-truth that man is a poor creature; and, to do him justice, he is the first to take this view of his predicament. In his chief books on the subject, you find him saying clearly that he is not what he ought to be. The poets, alike in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and modern languages,

though they praise his great ability and mighty works, yet feel, through all their lauds and glories, like a cloud across the sun, that he is not worth all that music. They cannot define his level; they now exalt him, now cast him down. He sets himself to be at home with the apes, and immediately the angels invite him to be of their company; he makes himself to be at home with the angels, and immediately the apes call him back to the top of the tree. You might arrange, from the poets, two anthologies, of the praise and the dispraise of man; and might ask yourself, and get no answer, how one and the same species can be so variable. But you may find, in a single poem, both sides of man's case. Note the passage from Pope's 'Essay on Man':

"Know, then, thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great,
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind, or body, to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err:
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all comfused;
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall:
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

"Forgive me, but you are too young to care for Pope; you take more pleasure in a poet of your own day; all honor to Rudyard Kipling. You love to see, by words that flash like lightning, man at work, at hard work, in which God suddenly is there, and the Vexilla Regis go forward, as it were to bugles calling, and the drums of the fore and aft. Man is plodding in the furrows, or buying and selling in the bazaar, or holding on through a storm at sea, or picking off his country's enemies with a rifle, or flying on the wings of an aeroplane; and the field, the shop, the sea, the war, the motor, all are God's act and deed; where man is, there is his Maker. Well, then, here is another bit of the Essay on Man: and I think that Heraclitus himself might have written it:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' eternal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

You cannot afford to take these lines with amusement, nor to call them artificial, as if poetry ought always to be strumming on our emotions, with the loud pedal down, and herself all untidy; whereas, the finest brocade is not good enough to make her gown, nor the

rarest marbles to build her a house, and she cannot be too fastidious in her station in life. That is why Pope's poetry is so delightful, because she is such a lady. She is dressed in the height of fashion, but her close-fitting rime and rhythm do not impede the grace of her movements; she sings always in time and in tune, pronouncing every word clearly, phrasing every bar perfectly, whether her song be of beaux and belles, or of Deity; and she is able, without thumping, to get real tunes, pure as Mozart, out of these jangled old cottage-pianos which we call our hearts. Have you never read Pope's 'Universal Prayer'? You will find it hard to better his instruction.

> "What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
> Let me not cast away;
> For God is paid when man receives:
> To enjoy is to obey.
> Mean though I am, not wholly so,
> Since quickened by His breath,
> Oh, lead me whereso'er I go,
> Through this day's life or death."

Finally in his wanderings through Wonderland this gifted Englishman faces the problem of evil, and points out that for the presence of evil and wickedness in the world, we can find no use or reason. You cannot find, he says, in the facts of drink, murder, brutal insolence, cowardly selfishness, any sort of consolation; you cannot by mere wonder, mere looking at

them, find anything but the dark. There they are; look till your eyes ache, wonder yourself crazy, you learn nothing; try to console yourself with Shakespeare and Tennyson, and their protestations ring false. You cannot rest in the comfortable assurance that good comes out of evil; it only comes out because it could not stop in. Cover all the walls of your heart with pious Bible texts; the fact remains and mocks at you and your holy books, that the wonder of evil is unlike all other wonder, giving no hint of any purpose, meaning, or explanation, and having none to give. There is a badness outside things good, which we recognize in experience, but find utterly unintelligible. The wonder of evil, if you limit yourself to wondering, leads you to the grave where Faith and Hope and Charity are buried side by side, without so much as a headstone over them; it is that way madness lies. Evil has one thing, and no more, to say to us. *Will you fight?* Oh, the ugly bully, so much bigger and stronger than we are, the great beast! In the name of God, off with your coat, and up with your fists. Of course he will beat you, the brute; still, you may get home on him once or twice. You may? No, you will. Then, wash the blood off your face, and give thanks to heaven as best you can; and fight him again. See, even the wonder of evil is not so mad as it looks. From the beginning of our world, it has challenged men,

after the provoking method of Goliath of Gath. To sit wondering at evil as a matter of contemplative thought, is sheer stupidity, and worse. To fight is the very act and presence of God. And I am told, on good authority, that they who make a habit of it do, in the long run, score. Partly in his words, partly in our own, we have reported this wise physician's stroll through Wonderland; a racy and edifying travelogue.

VII

A BUSINESS MAN'S PHILOSOPHY

In Philadelphia one morning nearly half a century ago a snowy-haired, bright-eyed, ruddy faced gentleman boarded an Arch Street horse car and sat down beside me. His fine countenance made me say, "I hope you are as well as you look, Mr. White."

"I am well, thank you," he replied. "Fortunately, I broke down when I was thirty and was forced to learn how to take care of myself."

He was clean and sound physically and morally, an admiring student of God's works and ways, a keeper of his laws, his business prospering along with body and soul: "An entirely honest merchant," as Ruskin wrote on his father's tombstone.

The Law of the Verbena

Another day this white-haired man was walking down Arch Street, carrying in his hands a pot of lemon verbena. Meeting friends, he broke off and gave to each a sprig of it to rub between fingers for its fragrance. One protested, "You are spoiling your plant."

"No, I'm not. You do not understand the law. Every time I break off a spray, three grow in its place."

This my Verbena Lady, whose life is like that plant, verified for me; broke off a spray, and three weeks later sent me the result, three healthy, vigorous ones grown out where one was broken off.

My Arbutus Man is an educator, able head of a noble institution, who gave me, long ago, on a train on the eastern shore of Maryland, a bunch of trailing arbutus, harbinger of spring, its sweetness unforgettable after many years. Blessings on the gracious diffusers of fragrance in an ungracious, malodorous world!

The man with the verbena plant was an Arch Street evangelist that day, confirming Holy Writ by preaching on the unwisdom of selfishness from the text, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." In the wonderland of moral mathematics subtraction is addition, division is multiplication.

The Prime Postulate of this thoughtful business man's philosophy, the Central Affirmation of his creed, was that the one supreme all-conquering and redeeming power is Love, whether human or divine, throughout the living universe human, subhuman, superhuman. He cherished the hope that Love Divine will ultimately subdue all souls unto Itself.

The Regeneration of Rose

He tested it on animals. Hearing that a high-priced blooded mare was offered for sale cheap

because she had become so vicious that the family were afraid to use her, he sent an expert horseman to examine her and report whether she was naturally ugly and ill-tempered or had been made so by ill treatment. The expert reported the horse to be a fine animal ruined by being mishandled, teased, and irritated, so that she would lay back her ears and bite and kick at every approach. He bought her, had her brought to his country place at Green Lane, turned her loose without halter in a large box-stall, gave orders to the hostler to treat her kindly, speak softly, touch her gently, never approach suddenly or startle her in any way; while he himself proceeded to make friends with that unfriendly beast. Mornings before going to business he went to the stable, talked to her caressingly, gave her an apple or ear of corn or lumps of sugar; afternoons, returning from town, he did the same. By degrees love took effect on her hatefulness. One day she said to herself: "Rose, don't you see everybody is your friend here? Stop acting like a fool; behave worthy of your breeding." Before long she had the manners of a perfect lady; animal and owner were vying with each other to see which could be the more polite. Utterly subdued to her loving master's will, his lightest wish was law, and then she was a happy horse, finding bliss in obeying. She longed and listened for his coming, began to whinny the moment she heard his foot-

steps in the distance, put down her head to be stroked and petted. Even a horse, though, according to Trainer Bostock, the dullest of animals—elephants being the most intelligent—can reciprocate and be transformed by loving-kindness.

In a buggy ride through Fairmount Park her owner told the story of Rose to Bishop Warren, his former Arch Street pastor, and to show the completeness of her regeneration, her change of heart, he put her to top speed, then, letting the reins lie loose on the dash-board, said, "Whoa, Rose!" Almost instantly she dropped to a walk, and at a second "Whoa," she stopped, awaiting further orders from above.

Once when he was driving alone a front wheel came off and he was pitched out head foremost face down in the dirt. As he fell he thought, "If she runs I will let go the reins." When he lifted his head from the ground, there was Rose, standing still, looking back at him as if to say, "I hope you are not hurt." Her fine face and glossy curve of her slender neck had never looked so beautiful.

Jimmie and the Begonias

In the flower house of a city park is a thin, little, sandy-haired, blue-eyed Irishman. For looks, Jimmie is like the bride of the gallant but truthful Scotchman, "God's handiwork—though [*sotto voce*] not his maisterpiece," yet in his

keen face a light which might come naturally from drinking beauty and sweetness out of Easter lilies and the chalices of all kinds of flowers ever since he was sixteen; now he's near fifty.

One day a lady brought in a flower-pot containing only one bare dry stick without a sign of life. "This begonia is dead," she said. "Please put a fresh plant of the same kind in this pot for me."

"No," said Jimmie, "it isn't dead."

"Oh, yes, it is," said she.

"You say it is, and I say it isn't," answered the floriculturist. "Leave it with me and we'll see." And just to show what can be done with "a poor stick of a thing," this saviour of plants, in true Salvation Army spirit, nursed that "dead" stem to luxuriant life. Eight months after, when visitors admired the showy rows of begonias bordering both sides of an aisle in the flower-house with rich bloom, he told them how he brought all that stretch of efflorescent splendor from the lady's once leafless, hopeless "dead" stick. "It's lovin' as does it," explains Jimmie, unwittingly stating the law for the animal and spiritual as well as for the vegetable kingdom. All up and down the living universe Love is the one redeeming power. The whole gospel is in the words, "God so loved the world." McAll went to France to begin the mission which bears his name knowing but two sentences

of French, "God loves you," and "I love you." Only those two taps on the doors of human hearts, and he heard voices within answering, "Come in." Robert Louis Stevenson won his way to the hearts of the Samoans at Vailima by the "Road of the Loving Heart" which he learned from James Chalmers and other missionaries. Afterward the natives extended that Road to his grave on the mountaintop of Vaca. Even savages succumb to love. Helen Keller's *Story of My Life* tells how Anne M. Sullivan's compassionate love got through stone-blindness and deafness to liberate the imprisoned mind of that seven-year-old-child from its dark cell.

Yes, Jimmie, right you are, "It's lovin' as does it." And S. S. White, the subduer of Rose (see his name everywhere advertising the great business he founded), was right, "Love *is* the one supreme all-conquering power," and Henry Drummond was right about "The Greatest Thing in the World," and John Burroughs when he wrote, "Faith guides me up to heaven's gate,

> "Faith guides me up to heaven's gate,
> And love will bring my own to me;"

and Lord Gray, governor-general of Canada, in his death-bed message: "I want to say to people that there is a real way out of all this mess materialism has got us into. It is Christ's way. We've got to stop quarreling; we've got to realize that we are members of the same family. I'm per-

fectly sure there is nothing that can help humanity except love. Love is the way out and the way up. That is my farewell message to the world."

There is dire need of this doctrine now and here, near the end of 1925, in sight of the lights of holy Christmas time and in hearing of the angels' song, "Good will to men." The Staats-Zeitung published in our American metropolis four years after the armistice a poem entitled "Germans, Learn to Hate," full of sentiments like this: "We have loved long enough; now we want to hate. Our hate will be more holy than our love." The "Hymn of Hate" is the tune a man or a nation dies on. He who dares to set his hate to music and sing it as a hymn blasphemes against the Prince of Peace and is on the steep and rocky road to the bottomless pit where gnashing of teeth is perpetual, and where the worm that never dies waits to feed on him; he has first claim to all the hell there is. Emerson tells the haters that

> "The sense of the world is short,
> Though long and varied the report:
> To love and be beloved.
> Wisest men have not outlearned it,
> And how oft so e'er they've turned it
> 'Tis not to be improved."

Over all is the Divine Love, and George Matheson and you and I do not cry in vain, "O Love that wilt not let me go!" To every intelligent mind

doubt of the Eternal Goodness should be as impossible as it is fatal.

> "A loving worm within its clod
> Were diviner than a loveless God
> Amid his worlds."

VIII

RE GALANTUOMO: KEEPING ONE'S WORD

Victor Emmanuel II, hereditary ruler of the little island kingdom of Sardinia, entered Rome at the head of his army in 1870, and became, at the age of fifty-one, king of United Italy, setting an honest Quirinal against an intriguing Vatican and overthrowing the temporal power of the hierarchy throned in its marble palace of eleven thousand rooms; a hierarchy whose preposterous claim was voiced in the Catholique National for July 13, 1895, by the Archbishop of Venice (afterward Pope Pius X) in the following words: "The Pope is not only the representative of Jesus Christ, but he is Jesus Christ himself, hidden under the veil of the flesh. Does the Pope speak? It is Jesus Christ who speaks. Does the Pope accord a favor or pronounce an anathema? It is Jesus Christ who pronounces the anathema or accords the favor. So that when the Pope speaks we have no business to examine. We have only to obey. We have no right to criticize his decisions or discuss his commands."

King Victor's own words about himself are a fair characterization: "I don't pretend to be wise, but I always keep my word." He was no

pretender, did not "pretend" to anything; but is any wisdom wiser, more fundamental, over-topping, bracing, stabilizing and saving than plain, straightforward, downright promise-keeping truthfulness?

What most impressed John Bright in Queen Victoria was her perfect truthfulness, her "simplicity and godly sincerity." The elemental virtues are more essential than the ornamental, and with such sterling virtues the gracious queen dignified her court, pervaded and purified society, and ennobled the British realm. She was the best queen in Europe in her day, as Victor Emmanuel was the best king in his. Thus Victor and Victoria stood together for the victory of truth and honor. By contrast, between them on the map was Victor Hugo's snake-eyed "Napoleon the Little," who by trickery and violence made himself emperor of France for twenty years, and whom John Hay, Secretary of Legation at Paris, 1865-68, regarded with aversion and scorn as furtive, stealthy, ignoble, a sphinx, a charlatan.

Sidney Bartlett said of Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts, "I know that he is ugly and I feel that he is great." Victor Emmanuel, first king of free and united Italy, was in seeming a simple, ordinary man, of plebeian peasant tastes, averse to pomp, parade and ceremony, a sort of rougher, coarser, homelier Grover Cleveland. In 1873 one of the daughters of Colonel

John A. Wright, of Philadelphia, seeing him riding about Rome in an ordinary carriage and costume like any common citizen, said, "He's so ugly that he's almost fascinating." But United Italy, from the Alps to the Toe of the Boot, trusted him and was never deceived. A free people named him Re Galantuomo, the Honest King. And unspectacular though he was, not Garibaldi leading the thousand to Marsala, and giving a kingdom to his king, was more gallant than Italy's rough and rugged Galantuomo.

The man who keeps his word even at sore sacrifice is extolled in two immortal psalms, the 15th and 24th. Honor and exaltation are predicted for him who sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He shall ascend into the hill of the Lord and stand in the holy place, and receive the blessing from the Lord. Likewise from men shall he who speaketh truth in his heart and always keeps his word receive honor and trust. Above all other titles, Washington said he coveted for himself the crowning title, "an honest man." Lincoln, coming in view from the West as "Honest Abe," won the East and the nation. Richard Watson Gilder called Grover Cleveland "the honestest man I know," and it was Cleveland's reputation for stubborn and courageous honesty that made him governor of his State and twice President of the United States.

A River Pilot

John Hay, in his Pike County Ballads, glorified in rude verse a common man who "never lied; reckon he didn't know how," and who kept his word at utmost cost to himself. John Hay, Lincoln's private secretary, McKinley's ambassador to the Court of Saint James, and Roosevelt's secretary of state, had never, even at the climax of his illustrious career, any reason to be ashamed of his eulogy of Jim Bludso, the Mississippi pilot. Rival boats on the river were given to racing. Bludso's boat, the Prairie Belle, was challenged by the Movastar, and the Belle wouldn't take a dare. "All boats has their day on the Mississip, and her day come at last. The Movastar was the better boat, but the Belle she wouldn't be passed. So she came tearing along one night, the oldest boat on the line, with a Negro squat on the safety-valve and her furnace crammed rosin and pine." When Bludso saw his boat afire, he ran her ashore among the willows, leaned out of his pilot house and shouted down to officers, passengers, and crew, "Save yourselves. I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot's ashore." The teller of the rough heroic story says, "We all had faith in his cussedness and know'd he would keep his word." Like Casabianca on the burning deck —a story which thrilled my boyhood—the pilot stuck to his perilous post; the last man "got

ashore afore the smoke-stack fell, and Bludso's soul went up alone in the flame of the Prairie Belle," his the only life that was lost. He had some vices, but John Hay said, "Christ ain't goin to be too hard on a man that died for men." We bow our heads under that verdict.

Now, thank Heaven, no one of us has the responsibility any more than we have the right of passing final judgment on any man; but who of us will not agree that a "sinner" who keeps his word with valorous self-sacrifice is, in the judgment of a faithful God who always keeps his word, better than a "saint" who doesn't. If the "Father of Lies" got Jim Bludso, what use could he make of a man who "never lied, reckon he didn't know how"? That night the rough king of Italy and the rough steamboat pilot were brothers of the blood in the fraternity of the faithful.

A God Who Keeps His Word

The sacrificial fidelity which keeps its word partakes of the divine. It becomes the throned monarch better than his crown; it is an attribute of God himself, and earthly power doth then show likest God's when fidelity excludes infidelity. A pert, momentary infidel bubbling an instant on the Stream of Ages paraphrased "An honest man's the noblest work of God" into "An honest God's the noblest work of man." Many millenniums before that reviler of his

fathers' faith, and, by force of the fitness of things, the chosen graveside eulogist of Walt Whitman, framed his paraphrase, an honest God revealed himself to men, and through the ages all along his people proved Him and were not deceived.

"Oh, what would I do if I were in trouble and God not friends with me?" wrote eight-year-old Pet Marjorie in her amazing diary. What would any of us do if ours were not an honest God? If ever we weakly "doubt if God hath kept his promises to men," let us then remember how David Livingstone, in deadly peril among brutal savages, knelt in his hut over his New Testament and reread his commission, *"Go ye,* teach and baptize all nations; and lo, *I am with you always."* The lone missionary said to his soul, "That is the word of a Gentleman; he will keep his word." Instantly darkest Africa was as light as day, illumined by the presence of One in whom is no darkness at all. Livingstone could say as Jesus said, "I am not alone; He that sent me is with me," and as Bishop Paddock felt and said to himself in the wilds of eastern Oregon, and Colonel Hadley and John Callahan and John R. Henry, twenty-five years in the slums of New York's lower East Side; all of them with the spirit of Matthew Arnold's preacher in East London.

Whittier tells how the children of Africa in America, like Livingstone in Africa, rejoiced

in a God who keeps his word. The Quaker poet pictured the newly liberated slaves gathered at Port Royal on the South Carolina coast, and, remembering how the bondman prized his gift of music and song, the gold that kindly Nature sifted 'mid his sands of wrong, the Quaker poet heard the freedmen singing:

"We know'd de promise nebber fail,
And nebber lie de Word:
So like de 'postles in de jail
We waited for de Lord."

Have we an honest God who keeps his promises to men? Countless millions of the faithful testify to his faithfulness. Round the world and back again one can hear the people of a covenant-keeping God singing as they stand in a phalanx,

"His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support us in the swelling flood.
When all around my soul gives way
He still is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand:
All other ground is sinking sand."

When, on the heights of Bhot bordering on Tibet, Bishop Warne was leaving that great woman Martha E. Sheldon for the last time, she called after him, "Hitherto." He waved his hand to her and cried, "Henceforth." Those two words of testimony and trust cover past and future. They are the equivalent of the homely

old lines which John T. Gracey was fond of repeating.

"For He has been with us,
And He still is with us,
And He says He will go with us to the end."

Never fear! Be of good cheer: Our God, like Italy's Re Galantuomo, always keeps his word.

IX

THE ETHICS OF RIDICULE

I. Gold-i-locks and Ribaldry

Among Rudyard Kipling's *Plain Tales From the Hills* is "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin"—well worth anybody's reading. Kipling thinks this story is more a tract than a tale and is very proud of that fact. He is no more surprised at his tract than we at this discussion, which is neither tale nor tract; nor is it a feat to be proud of. It does not expect popularity; more likely, "I think by the feel my forehead bleeds." It risks being reckoned what Mr. Dooley said matrimony was considered in Admiral Dewey's case, "a penal offinse." The gentlest comment by the ruling majority will be, "Trite and trivial, much ado about nothing unworthy of the Author." Whatever its deficiencies, it does not lack color.

Nor is it something written with desire or done with relish as was *The Master of Ballantrae,* when, at Saranac Lake, Louis Stevenson, out under the winter stars, feeling that to be the fit time and place, said to his engine, "Come, let us make a tale." Rather has this emission exuded under the slow, heavy pressure of long

experience and observation. Its style of presenting subject and evidence is like that of the cinematograph, snapshots of raw facts flung upon the screen so plainly that "the wayfaring man" and "he who runs" and other casual observers may read at a gallop; or, as Stendhal says, like a looking-glass dawdling along the road and reflecting roadside figures, actions, and events.

Our subject is not of the kind that grows in gardens, but rather of the prickly cactus variety. A proud bank president was overheard boasting of his father, who was a minister. "My father was a thinker. He could take a subject and stand it up in the corner and take its clothes off and see clear through it." That is the kind of a thinker needed to do justice to the present subject. In his absence, the subject must dree its weird as best it can. Its place in the ethics and the pathos of human life seems to us undeniable and not unimportant.

At the outset we find ourselves once more "With the Children," possibly back in our own childhood, in contact with a side of child life which is not merry.

Little bright Gold-i-locks, from sitting on the front steps of a Philadelphia home, came into the house with hurt feelings, grieved face, eyes brimming, mouth drawn down, lips quivering on the verge of a sob.

"What's the matter?"

"Boys talled me names."

"What did they call you?"

"Talled me wed head."

"What did you say to them?"

"I said: 'Tonsider, boys. Tonsider.' "

Brutal boys. Adorable little gentlewoman!

She is the type of a class—the Tormented; and those rude youngsters are types of a class—the Tormentors. Types, we say, for the sinister and senseless guying of the red-headed is identical in its animus with ridicule in general. One reason why a certain boy preferred girls was that they never jeered him.

As to the ethics of ridicule, two questions try the case: "How does it look?" "How does it feel?" Observation answers the first, only experience the second. Only the toad under the harrow knows exactly where each toothpoint goes and how deep it cuts. For observing ridicule in active operation, to see how it looks ethically, it is natural and convenient to begin with the treatment given to some class of victims that is most ridiculed. One such class is under everybody's eye. *"Semper, ubique et ab omnibus,"* that class catches it. To them every clime, from pole to equator, is inclement. It is always open season for hunting this game. Our study will nothing exaggerate nor set down aught in malice.

On the white marble steps of that red-brick house in the City of Brotherly Love where in-

offensive little Gold-i-locks sat was staged a momentary tragedy, minute but acute. No little suffering is caused to youngsters and oldsters by ridicule, which to childhood is a bewildering, sore surprise. The child can understand being petted or being punished, but persecution for no fault at all is unintelligible, so senseless, so unaccountably hostile, so dishonorable, that it confuses the whole rational and moral universe, making life a mystery and a misery.

The voice of the tormentor is from the beginning of time. In the beginning there were two boys, one bad. Doubtless Cain tormented Abel a lot, before, by perfectly natural evolution in wickedness, he made up his mind to kill him —poisonous bud, bursting into malignant flower; just as Paul Leicester Ford's athletic brother tormented the delicate, pale-faced little hunchback many years before he slew that nobler and brainier brother, so immeasurably superior to his base, arrogant, and brutal murderer. Nothing original in those Philadelphia bad boys excepting original sin. In ridiculing that little innocent, abloom like a flower on the front steps, and branding her as a bricktop, they were hoary and decrepit ancients of the earth. It has been the custom of the ages. Pagans more or less pious were doing that thousands of years before the Christian era. When the worthy Egyptians constructed their early religion and described their deities they represented Osiris, the god

of goodness and life and light, as dark-haired and handsome, while Set, the spirit of evil, the god of darkness and death and wrong, was pictured as red-headed and ugly—a pointed intimation that the auburn-haired are children of the devil. So nearly unanimous are mankind, the world over and the ages through, in guying the auburn-haired that any temerarious individual who rises on the floor of his period with an appeal to the Court of Public Opinion on behalf of those who stand charged by the Grand Jury of the Majority with personal hideousness, whereby, it is alleged, they blotch the beauty conferred upon this earthly scene by the handsome presence of the Melanochroi (as Herbert Spencer and the dictionary name the dark-haired folk), who assume themselves to be the ornaments of creation—anyone, we say, who makes a gesture of protest or offers a plea for mercy toward the Xanthochroi (as science labels the blondes), can expect at best no better treatment than was given by the boy to his little sister. When she prayed, "O, Lord, give Johnnie a new heart so he won't torment me any more," he retorted with, "O, Lord, give Susie a new heart so she won't whine when I tease her." At worst, he may be hooted and chased out of court as presenting a ridiculously trivial grievance; perhaps be told that such as he and his clan should be willing to suffer for the promotion of the more gleeful gayety of nations.

But that the grievance is not trivial is shown by the fact that a scientific enumerator of "Life's Handicaps" specifies red hair as a serious disadvantage, red including all shades, from pale-gold yellow, or gamboge, to terra-cotta, crimson, damask, scarlet, or vermillion. It is made a handicap solely by ridicule from the blacks and browns.

For example of this brand of ridicule no need to go hunting; the newspapers lay them on our breakfast tables. Conspicuous in this has been one solar sheet which claimed to shine for all. In its columns the Comic Spirit disported in caps and bells and motley at the expense of the bright-haired folk, as if red hair were creation's funniest joke. It lampooned them unmercifully, as if jealous of other effulgence than its own, and could no more let this luminous subject alone than any other moth can keep away from any other bright light. It boasted of having invented and made famous that absurd fiction of "the intriguing juxtaposition of the white horse and the red-haired girl." Forever in its columns went gayly on the guying of the golden-haired. It rode its hobby gleefully in an everlasting merry-go-round. It frivoled as hilariously as did Flibertigibbet Dickon Sludge, the court jester, at the Earl of Leicester's banquets to Queen Elizabeth. Men in public life especially are counted fair game for such sportsmanship. When and why was the consti-

tutional amendment adopted requiring newspapers to mention the color of a public man's hair if it be any shade of red (otherwise not), whether he be George Washington in boyhood at Fredericksburg, or Thomas Jefferson or General Grant at West Point, or a Michigan University president keynoting at a Republican national convention nominating at Cleveland for a presidential election, a Vermont farmer now living in the White House? With pencil and pad reporters look down on Congress from the reporter's gallery and one member is labeled the "Sunset Senator," another the "Pink Chrysanthemum," or the "Scarlet Hibiscus," another the "High-Colored Hollyhock of Kansas," another the "Aurora Borealis of the West," another is described as so dazzling that his fellow citizens have to wear smoked glasses when he is on the street, while another is brilliantly alliterated as the "Red-headed Rooster of the Rockies." This choragus of ridicule searches the dictionary for uncommon, baroque, bizarre, exotic words, and coins a few spurious adjectives of its own, with which to describe "pyrophoric and igniferous locks," iridescent, flamboyant, scintillant, fluorescent, rubescent, auroral, rufonsical, incandescent, conflagrational. Thus does this hardened sinner scin-till-late day after day. In one of its columns an apologist for slang and profanity declares it legitimate to use rough language on aggravating occasions, "especially if the person

addressed is red-headed." In another column an irritable neurasthenic Æsthete, who airs his own pulchritude in Central Park, complains that the nurse-maids who trundle baby-carriages there are "the most horrific collection of human gargoyles to be found outside the realm of bad dreams," and what exasperates him most is that some of them are made super-hideous by having red hair. The horror of it gets on his nerves. Why need he go to the park at all? So tender an infant should be kept in an incubator. Other journals are guilty likewise. In one of them an impassioned orator is described by a scurrilous reporter as a "Roman candle, sputtering ravenous and red-headed words." Another is thus pointed at: "Yon peak of fire naturally vomits blazing brands from its volcanic dome of thought." When a Southern statesman cries aloud in anguish, "The whole nation seems plunging hellward," the congressional correspondent comments, "Strange effect of pigment upon the imagination; the bright bronze poll mistakes its own fiery glow for the upblazing of sulphurous and infernal flames." One mellifluous member of the Press Gang warbles this warning:

> "Beware of the man whose hair is so red
> He needs no candle to light him to bed."

Music-halls roar with laughter over a mock-pathetic tipsy ballad about a maiden in a poor-

house whose "age it was red and her hair was nineteen."

One dark-haired poetaster, apparently a curate on his vacation, loitering along a leafy-arched woodland path, stoops to watch the rippling colors on the back of a caterpillar crawling at his feet; and his fantastic fancy likens these slow-creeping colors to a procession of "red-headed rectors and black-and-brown-haired choristers" marching along a Gothic cathedral aisle, chanting vesper hymns. If this is a fling at the rectors, it is easy for them to counter on the curate's simile by remarking that the red heads appear to lead the procession.

One smart paragrapher scintillates thus: "A flame-haired actress is getting her crowning glory insured. What most of us need is a company that will insure us against the results of red-headedness in others." "It has been discovered," says one newspaper, "that the color of sandy hair is caused by an excess of sulphur in its composition. We once had a red-headed girl in this office, and we know now what caused the fireworks." Not only do ribald sheets revel in ridicule, but supposed respectables sink to the level of it. One of Lippincott's Magazine stories characterized a young girl as "A spiteful little red-haired beast." Even St. Nicholas embellishes its young people's pages with this polite welcome accorded to gentle strangers by a certain community:

"Red, red hair and a small pug-nose,
Freckles on chin and cheek:
These belong to the little girl
Who moved to our street last week."

That street of hoodlums needs to have a school of manners opened by the mother of another little girl who said:

"And don't make fun, my mamma says,
Of folks 'at's blind or lame,
Or got red hair or warts, unless
You want to be the same.
'Cause lots of times it happens so,
An' surely if you do,
You never, never, never know
What's going to happen to you.
An' since she told me 'at, w'y nen
I never don't make fun again."

Even the polite and dignified New York Evening Post on the occasion of Chesterton's visit to America revived the mean, musty, and silly legend that the brand put on Judas for his crime was that his hair turned red and recalled that Shakespeare speaks of a red beard as "Cain-Colored." And the same urbane sheet, describing Admiral Sims' noble, vigorously American speech in London on behalf of friendship between English-speaking nations, characterized it as "a Titian-haired oration of red rhetoric," an inept and slovenly description, absurdly wide of the mark. And the same day Editor Frank A. Munsey[1] complained that New

[1] Died in New York City December 22, 1925.

York City politicians "are red-headed against the Governor of the State" because of his traction policy. Even that admirable school-master, Angelo Patri, picturing a rude boy stepping on the dainty foot of a gentle little lad, notes the rough youngster's "red hair and freckles," out of respect to age-long tradition. Worst of all, John Hay, recording in his diary a visit to the Houses of Parliament, perpetrated this infernal rhetoric: "Lord Eliot's blazing head and whiskers looked as if he had come through hell with his hat off."

T. A. Daley tells of his New Office Boy:

"He's a modest little curly-headed fellow,
Whose age is scarcely greater than eleven,
The effulgence of his locks of tawny yellow
Is suggestive of a halo born of heaven.
We are smitten with his most uncommon beauty,
And we deem him far too perfect for this earth,
When he modestly reports himself for duty,
All unconscious of his transcendental worth.
Oh, the sweetness of his early morning greeting
In those first few days. How soft his boyish tones
As he handed me my letters in the morning,
With 'A lovely day. Good morning Mr. Jones.' "

But his sweetness was as the early dew. He became so "peart and sassy" that the office had to discharge him; all due, of course, to the sulphur in his "tawny yellow locks." Even Maggie Benson, daughter of the Primate of the Anglican Church, product of the civility of a thousand years, dwelling in an archbishop's palace, took

her fling at the Sandies in a letter to her brother Hugh, in 1904: "The kitten is a fright. She has been named Becky Sharp, because she has sandy hair, green eyes, and an absolutely brazen character." Maggie leaves us wondering what constitutes brazen character in a cat. When Pet Marjorie, at the age of seven, described one of her lovers, the fair Philip, she regretted his too-sunny locks, which she called "his only fault."

Fiction often joins the abusive press. It is remarked that Charles Dickens had a habit of exaggerating out of all proportions some one marked feature of a character. If an extraordinary nose had been given to a man, Dickens described it at length and harped on it until the character became almost all nose. But to one of his characters, the unhappy Mr. Pumblechook, he gave, instead of one prominent feature, a cruel multiplicity of unfortunate peculiarities. Pumblechook is about the queerest-looking and homeliest of all Dickens' characters. He is described as "a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged man, with a mouth like a fish and dull staring eyes, so that he looked as if he had been choked and had at that moment come to." And then, as if he had not made poor Pumblechook homely enough, dark-haired Charles Dickens plays the very dickens with the hapless victim of his literary ingenuity by topping off his ugliness with "sandy hair standing upright,"

which is the crowning outrage upon the defenseless because nonexistent Pumblechook, who, if he had existed, might have felt as did the little boy when the teacher was asking the kiddies what they had to be thankful for. One small girl said, "My nice home"; one candid little innocent with a sweet face said "My pretty curls." Homely little red-headed, freckled Tim sat next. He made no reply when the teacher questioned him, but sat silent, glum, and dour.

"Come, Timmy, you surely have *something* to be thankful for."

"No'm. God nearly ruined me."

When Dickens pictures Quilp's attorney, a fair specimen of the shyster lawyer, it is in this fashion: "Low forehead, wen-like nose, red hair, which was nature's beacon, waving off from that dangerous strait, the Law, those who navigate the shoals and breakers of the world." When O. Henry, in his story, "The Guilty Party," puts a dark-haired young woman before the court with the crimson stain of murder on her hands, the novelist, being obliged to account for her awful depravity, finds the source of guilt further back in the heart of her father, a red-headed, unshaved, untidy party who sat by his window and smoked and read, neglectful of his children, playing in the streets and learning much evil, so that his little girl went to the bad. Thus the murder is fully accounted for: red-headedness in the father fusted and musted into murder in

the child. In another story an Irishman's daughter was a mischievous little hoyden with bright hair and bright eyes. The father, being a believer in *original* sin, instead of correcting his lovely little witch when she misbehaved, punished himself as the original sinner from whom she had inherited her impish red-headed propensities. Of one character it is written, "She had red-gold hair, and badness was in her blood." In another novel, "a raw-boned immigrant with a stern and rockbound face" is pictured with frowsy red hair. One smart young liar makes sure of his portion in the lake that burneth by writing in a silly short story, "The day was warm, and the color of her hair sent the thermometer up five degrees higher." With equal silliness Richard Harding Davis in one of his stories gives to a villainous and cowardly impostor, the meanest character in the tale, a beard and hair near "the color of a Philadelphia brick front, so flaming that at night they blaze like a torch." So inanely prevaricated Richard the Mendacious. Much of this ridicule is as idiotic and vulgar as making faces.

Even a church is no refuge from tormentors. When Sir Herbert Tree, aged eighteen, visiting the Sunday school of a neighboring church in England, felt it his religious duty to preach a little sermon to the children they jeered his bright red hair calling him "Ha'penny worth o' carrots." A gang of hoodlums in church!

Why do we dump upon respectable readers such a mass and mess of offensive stuff? Simply to show how ridiculous the ridiculers are, to exhibit the quality and to intimate faintly the vast volume of garbage flung at the unoffending. If there is any offender here, the Creator is he. On a train between Lake George and Saratoga we saw two gentlemen seated together admiring the splendid pageant of color in the west. One, a trim military-looking man, said, "I never saw a more magnificent sunset."

At that, an uncouth stranger opposite got up, leaned down across the gentleman's front, sized up the spectacle through the gentleman's window, then lifted his bulk, and said: "You call that magnificent? It's nothing to what we have in California."

"Well, my friend," responded the gentleman, a bit nettled at the stranger's rudeness, "we are not to blame for that. God Almighty gets up our sunsets. Who manages yours?"

O, scornful Malanochroi, God Almighty colored our hair; who colored or discolored yours? (Black is the absence of all color as white is a blend of all.) These critics of the Creator are imitators of the little boy who, being provoked at God for something, went out into the backyard and threw stones at the sky. We are tempted to wonder if that boy's name may have been Thomas Hardy?

Ridicule is usually reprehensible, but a fair

study of its ethics must recognize that it has legitimate uses as a weapon, remedy, instrument of discipline, valuable for correction and reproof, for curing faults, follies, and absurd habits. Rightly applied, "It wad frae mony a blunder free us and foolish notion." It has been used in the education of savages to make them see the silliness of senseless superstitions and absurd, cruel, and disgusting customs. Miss Kingsley, relating her experience in managing the West Africans, says, "I could chaff and ridicule them into doing things that others could not make them do with a club, and I could laugh them out of things which others would have to blow out of them with a gun." It was a fortunate day for little Sir Ringlets when he got out at the front gate and on the common where the candid democracy of Boyville got at him and clipped his curls and trimmed his frills, and, as his name was Joseph, named him "Josephine." It was like President Roosevelt to send his children from the White House to the public schools to steep them in common Americanism, to keep them from thinking themselves different from the common run because of position, and to make them understand that they must start from the common footing along with the common crowd and win position only by proving themselves capable and worthy. When the homespoiled and petted boy enters college his fellow students can be depended on to do their part toward

making a man of him by reducing his self-importance with a little hazing of one sort or another. A man of great mind wrote at the age of seventy: "When I look back at my college days, I think I must have been rather an intolerable prig. I got some blows and kicks from my class mates and other fellow students which were a valuable part of my education. On the whole I think the fellows treated me more tenderly than I deserved." The commandant at West Point approves of hazing as now practiced there under regulations. Hazing, when not brutal or mean, may be beneficial to the raw, undisciplined, callow cadet. Ridicule may be a harmless kind of hazing. Aristophanes hazed the Athenians with merciless satire and sarcastic laughter to lash and sting them out of their soft and easy ways, their epicurean indulgence, and to bring back the masculine "Marathonian muscle" in place of effeminate flabbiness. In old times there was a regularly appointed jester whose office was to jeer and mimic and "take off" the princely or the pretentious, the high-placed and highly favored, to save them from overweening conceit of themselves and the weak vice of vanity. The jester was called *"Filius Terrae"* (Son of the Earth), and his business was to keep those lofty and flighty gentlemen down on the earth with their feet firm on the ground. A measureless misfortune for the world it is that there was no

such jester at the court in which William Hohenzollern grew up, to prevent the devil-up-ment of that diabolical megalomaniac and save the lives of eleven millions, for whose murder he, as Germany's boasted lord and master, was officially responsible, the most hideous and gigantic criminal in human history. And now we are told there is no law for punishing such a criminal! Europe found a way to deal properly with Napoleon a century ago, but crime of all kinds has become much safer in the past hundred years. In these days it is coddled and almost encouraged by a too indulgent public, and murder is the safest crime for a man or woman to commit. Few murderers are ever punished or even caught. "He is a cinder in everybody's eye," said a prominent citizen, expressing the general sentiment of the community concerning a certain indescribably cantankerous attorney, who never married, but was all his life the pampered darling of a doting mother and an adoring sister who nursed his vanity to such prodigious dimensions as made him an intolerable nuisance. Administered at the proper period of life, some strong, wholesome hazing, accompanied by rattling good ridicule, might have prevented him from becoming a community pest.

Ridicule is usually ridiculous, but when it is directed at what its victims are not to blame for—at personal peculiarities, or, worse still,

at defects, deformities, afflictions—then it is cowardly, cruel, contemptible. One gentleman realized slightly how it feels to be described by one's defects when he had his Chinese laundry ticket translated for him. It read: "Little man, ears stick out, wart on nose." A favorite form of unkind ridicule is branding with derisive nicknames—Tow Head, Brick Top, Carrots, Marigold, Dandelion, Allablaze, Fatty, Skinny, Limpy, Squinty. Dear and sacred, even when odd, are pet names of the family circle, part of the freemasonry of the home, often as tender as a caress. But disrespectful nicknames, which sometimes stick lifelong, are a mean and hateful injury. In Philadelphia was a lame boy commonly called "Cripple Willard." He bore this brand in helpless patience along with his affliction, and took his handsome revenge on a heartless public by devoting his life largely to the relief of the class of sufferers to which he belonged. "Cripple Willard" became the famous surgeon, Dr. De Forest Willard, who relieved the misery of thousands by rectifying their deformities and maladjustments. How far nobler he was than were they who branded his deformity with his nickname! What a fine revenge on the thoughtless rabble!

Go back now to little Gold-i-locks and one of childhood's tiny tragedies staged on the front steps of that Philadelphia home, an incident too minute for mention, a light affliction which was

but for a moment, yet far from trivial if repeated endlessly. A wasp's sting is almost invisibly small, but is a red-hot bayonet to the one who feels it, and to be stung by wasps year after year amounts to maddening tragedy in the aggregate. Francis Thompson says, "If childhood's tragedies are small, so is the child, so are its strength, knowledge, self-control, fortitude." Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones nor their ills.

"Trivial?" Who says so? Not the children, who alone know, but callous grown-ups, born tough or with memories that do not remember. If the ills are so trivial, how happens it that some of even the most absurdly minute are so long remembered? One woman remembers how a young barbarian's rude push and tone of contempt broke her child-heart. Two boys had caught a weasel. The tender-hearted little girl pleaded, "Oh, don't kill it, 'cause it might have some relations somewhere."

"Get out, you're only a girl," said the rough boy, shoving her aside.

She threw herself down in the grass and made believe to the rooks in the trees above that she was not crying. But even the dog seemed to be laughing at her, and the scream of the gulls circling above the rocks was derision; they were screaming at the poor little mite, "Get out, you're only a girl." Whitcomb Riley should have been there to croon his verses:

'There, little girl, don't cry.
They have broken your heart I know;
. . . . . .
But heaven holds all for which you sigh—
There, little girl, don't cry!"[1]

Another woman whose sobriquet in childhood was "Saucer-Eyes," recalls a different anguish. She was born on Saint Patrick's Day, and for several years was allowed to think that the parade which went past, wearing the green, on the seventeenth of March, was in her honor, and she danced with delight. When some one undeceived the child and told her it was not her procession at all, but for a missionary from Britain who converted the Irish fifteen centuries ago, she was brokenhearted; all the dance went out of her little feet and her joy became as dust and ashes. Hear her: "At the present time, here in my home, there is seated in an armchair a venerable doll. She is a hideous specimen of the beautiful doll of the early fifties. She sits with her soles well turned up, facing you, her arms hanging from her shoulders in that identically helpless "I-give-it-up" fashion peculiar to dolls. With bulging scarlet cheeks, buttonhole mouth, and flat, blue staring eyes, she faces Time and unwinkingly looks him down. To anyone else she is stupidity personified, but to me she speaks, for she came

[1] From *Rymes of Childhood*. Copyright, 1890–1918. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

to me on my fourth Christmas, and she is as gifted as she is ugly. Only last birthday, as I straightened out her old, old dress skirt, she asked me if I remembered how I cried, with my face in her lap, over that first loss of an illusion —and I told her quite truly that I remembered well."

We smile at such infinitesimal grief, but some child-souls have deeper ills. Olive Schreiner wrote that the barb in the arrow of her childhood's suffering was this: her feeling of lostness in a mysterious world, neither understanding nor being understood. This sense of isolation, the all-aloneness of the individual soul, was intolerable to the child, too young to reason about it, too inexperienced to have made her peace with it. Neitzsche, who had not one single happy reminiscence of his childhood or youth, wrote: "At the absurdly tender age of seven I already knew that no human speech would ever reach me. My real self was essentially aloof, inaccessible, and incommunicable." Coleridge's earliest experience of real mental agony happened in his sixth year, about the time he first became conscious of the separateness of his own existence. At this point we catch sight of that adjacent awe-inspiring and momentous fact which filled Coleridge, as well as Kant, with wonder, and which is the most significant and august of human capacities—the fact that a man can be at once subject and object to himself and

yet be only one: observing himself as if from without, sitting on the inner rim of his own nature, gazing far down into its secret depths and cataloguing its contents, as Henry W. Warren and his friend saw the Arab boys in the great square at Alexandria sitting on the stone curbing of the big pool looking into its depths and dipping feet and hands in its water. Whoever ponders that mightily impressive human capacity an hour, a day, a year, part of the time on his knees, will thenceforth stand in awe of his own manifold nature and of the personal God who made him a person also, and will marvel more and more at the rich and reeking human personality with its amazing contents and capacities. Not only does the individual realize with Coleridge and Nietzsche his separateness from others, but he has the strange ability to separate himself from himself, even to sit in judgment on his own case, acting as judge and jury and prisoner at the bar at one and the same time. A fact portentously significant of something great. Luther Burbank, wonder-worker in plant-culture, in his book *Training the Human Plant* warns against using ridicule on children, because, he says, "The child is far more sensitive to receive and retain impressions than any plant is."

From this digression we return to our theme, the sensitiveness of the child-nature. This sensitiveness is seldom realized by grownups. A

specialist in nervous diseases says life would be intolerable if the sometimes tragical sensitiveness of the child-conscience continued into mature years. Doctor South remembered early paroxysms of remorse and despair, and John Kelman speaks of "the terrible conscience of childhood." Few things are so fine in child or adult as conscientiousness, manifest in truthful speech and gentle, considerate, unselfish behavior. For one such child these traits won the private pet-name of "Little Gold Girl" from her big minister, over forty years ago, in Saint John's parsonage, Brooklyn. The unrealized sensitiveness of early years is tragically set forth in Herman Hagedorn's "Heart of Youth," when the Duke, who unwittingly has deeply grieved his child and now sees her dying, says:

"I did not know that children of her age
Could feel so deeply. When they laugh, they laugh
So like the sunlight, so like running water.
I did not know that when they wept their woe
Could tap the same cold, deep, eternal springs
That feed our older grief.
I grope in darkness. Youth bewilders me."[1]

One experienced observer says: "What a child most needs is justice. It gets affection, gets petting, gets correction, perhaps. What it gets least of is justice, through not being understood."

Only the thoughtless and inconsiderate call

[1] From *The Great Maze.* Used by permission of The Macmillan Company.

the trials of childhood and youth trivial. If ridicule is a trivial infliction, how is it that it is so hard to bear? Mrs. Browning wrote of times when "being criticized is just being tortured." But ridicule is far more humiliating and intolerable than criticism. No human being enjoys it and even monkeys are visibly annoyed by it. To be made fun of is worse than being pummeled. Many a boy will flinch under ridicule who would stand up stoically against blows. Blows can be returned, while ridicule is hard to answer, especially if it twits on facts. General Howard's fellow cadets at West Point dubbed him "Pious Oliver," and jeered at him because he taught in Sunday school and went regularly to religious meetings. Long afterward, when he wore a major-general's epaulets and carried an empty sleeve, he said that it took more courage to stand up against the ridicule of those young West Point scoffers than it took to face bullets and cannon balls at Fair Oaks in the battle where he lost his right arm. Nevertheless, young Howard gripped his mother's Bible, and taught the boys of his Bible class, and so became the noted Christian general on the Union side as Stonewall Jackson was on the Confederate side. Colporteurs meet with various forms of persecution. One who has sold Bibles all over New York from Coney Island to Harlem, being asked what he found most difficult to combat, said, "Ridicule. It's hard to be

made fun of. I've had the door slammed in my face, I've had a gang bully break up a meeting I was holding, and I could stand it; but when a paper bag, filled with water, was dropped on me while I was conducting a street meeting and my audience went off in guffaws of laughter, I—well, I won't say I enjoyed it." Woodrow Wilson wincing under a heavy fire of criticism said, "It is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you."

It is sometimes unendurable. Dickens wrote in *Hard Times,* concerning one young victim of ridicule: "He was goosed [hissed] last night, he was goosed the night before that, he was goosed to-day. He has lately got in the way of being goosed; and he can't stand it." A New York boy was driven out of school by it. He was gaunt and ungainly, six feet high though only thirteen years old, besides being red-headed. And he was so much a butt of derision among boys of his own age in his classes that he quit school rather than endure it. A boy of seventeen was before a city magistrate for robbing a ticket office on the elevated. This was his story to the judge: "As you see, I am cross-eyed, knock-kneed, and my feet are deformed. Wherever I got work I was ridiculed by my fellow workmen, till I could not stand it and had to leave. Out of work I was hungry, and had to have bread, so I stole. That's all there is to it."

If ridicule is trivial, why does it rouse such rage, sometimes even in gentle bosoms? Frances E. Willard said that when a child she used to clench her little fists and strike in fierce resentment on being jeered at as red-headed. Richard Mansfield, actor, said that in his youth his nature was embittered by petty persecutions, and more than once he felt the world so antagonistic that, if he could have overthrown the pillars of the universe, he would have done it. One of the Weddahs of Ceylon shot an arrow into a man who was poking fun at him. How an English detective felt under supposed ridicule is seen in a curious incident in the lives of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Wordsworth rented a small park and house near the village of Holford, where he was a stranger, not far from where Coleridge was living. The two friends were much together on the roads and paths, always absorbed in close conversation. As is the disposition of some rural communities toward strangers, the natives were suspicious of the two mysterious men, and rumors about them reached the absentee-owners of the house Coleridge was occupying. The proprietor employed a detective, whose nose was conspicuous for length and breadth, to dog their footsteps and find out what nefarious mischief they might be up to. One day when the disguised constable was close on their heels they were discussing Spinoza. One of them chanced to glance back at him and went

on with "Spinoza, Spinoza." As the detective's ear caught only the last two syllables of the name, he muttered angrily to himself, "Call me Nosey, do they? I'll fix them." And he sent such an unfavorable report to the owner of the place that Coleridge soon received notice to vacate the premises at once. Byron's bitter cynicism was chiefly caused by ridicule directed at his physical defects. Whether his hair was carroty red as described by some, or dark auburn, as in Lawrence's portrait, has been long disputed in English papers. As to his worst affliction Macaulay wrote, "He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, but a club-foot which beggars on the street mocked." Rude boys limped along behind him. For a time Byron was charmed by the youthful beauty of Jane Clermont, as was also Shelley. But when the proud cripple caught her imitating his lameness his resentment was fierce against her, and he grew more cynical toward mankind in general. As Chesterton says, Byron "went on year after year calling down fire upon mankind, summoning the deluge and destructive evils and all the energies of nature to sweep away the cities of the spawn of man."

If ridicule is so trivial, why does it provoke such varied retributive reactions? A lady overheard her neighbor making remarks most uncomplimentary about her. The next day she went to the bank in which he was a teller and

asked to have a check cashed. The teller said with austere official dignity.

"I cannot cash your check. I don't know you, madam."

"Oh, yes, you do," she replied, with her sweetest smile. "I'm the 'red-headed virago' that lives next door to you."

The teller did not smile, but cashed that check without another word or look, and thereafter was as cautious about slurring his neighbors as he was about cashing checks. An auburn-haired mother looking out of her front windows saw her young hopeful pounding another boy with his fists. When he came into the house she asked him why he did that. "He made fun of your hair and I gave him a good licking," explained that dutiful son. The only domestic discipline administered in that house that day was a few extra kisses. Another efficient defender of family honor, flaxen-haired, was going down a Baltimore street, with her auburn-haired sister, when a girl across the way jeered over at the Titian Tint. Instantly little Flaxen-Hair, swift avenger of insults, darted across the street and with her angry fist hit that impudent hoodlum a solar plexus blow in her "tummy," knocking her breathless; then flew back to her proud sister's side, flushed with victory but unaware that she had won Ovid's beatitude, *"Felix qui quod amat defendere fortiter audet."* (Happy he who dares defend what he loves.)

Crowned with that benediction and many others, Flaxen-Hair is giving her beautiful life to missionary work in the heart of black-haired China, a land marked, as are other lands, with many monuments of her great father's liberality, far-seeing sagacity, and entire consecration, making the Goucher name immortal round the world.

A soldier was driving a United States Commissary car in Brooklyn. Some young street rowdies hooted at him, yelled "Redhead," and threw stones, one of which hit him. Just to frighten them he fired his revolver into the air. One of the shots accidentally killed one of the young imps. The soldier was arrested, but immediately discharged, his acquittal being intended as a warning to hoodlums not to jeer at men in khaki, and a sorely needed lesson to the impudent young toughs that infest city streets.

Several things are inevitable for the auburn.

1. They are sure to be made acutely conscious of their peculiarity. No child born with red hair is allowed to grow up without having that fact burned into his consciousness for life. Even such a man as Bishop Gilbert Haven betrayed this self-consciousness. In the General Conference of 1872 Dr. E. J. Gray of Williamsport Seminary met Haven in the vestibule when the election of bishops was going on.

"Well, Haven, what's the prospect?"

"Good, I'm told; the colored people are going

to hold a meeting to-night to pray for my election, and they say I'll be elected to-morrow; and then," added Haven, taking hold of Gray's auburn locks, "there'll be one red-headed bishop on the Board." Five years later, one June Sunday morning, Bishop Haven and Mr. Charles Scott, whose guest the bishop was, and whose hair also was slightly inflamed, attended Fletcher Church, Philadelphia. After service, when those two and a third stood talking together, one of the officials of the church, looking and listening, near, broke in with, "Three men so nearly of one complexion are seldom seen together."

"Yes," flashed Haven, "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, all three in the fire together."

2. They are naturally likely to have a fellow feeling with the Negro as victims of color-prejudice; whether aimed against skin or hair makes little difference to the victims. They share with the colored people what Brother Jasper, the famous preacher, called "the wear and tear of being laughed at." In slavery days nearly all the auburns were abolitionists—Gilbert Haven emphatically so. A young Negro house-maid taken to church by the family she worked for, one morning, when the text was "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," said when they were at home after church, "I understood that sermon. The reason the minister felt so bad was because his hair was red."

Herself a victim of color-prejudice, she had a fellow feeling for the man in the pulpit.

3. The Titian Tints find themselves between praise and persecution, assailants and admirers; but first and last may easily find enough to offset the gibes of the ribalds.

There are brunette families who glory in the one bright-haired member who gives a touch of brilliance to their somber group. We hear of a fond dark-haired father who dotingly dubs his daughter "Little Red Top." One sober-minded young business woman, whose luxuriant hair is burdensome and heating in hot weather, says she would have it bobbed for comfort's sake but for the shock such sacrilege would give to her family's pride in her "yard-long, gold-tinted auburn hair." One husband, blinded by excess of light, was so gone daft over his wife, "down whose neck fell a red-tinged cascade," that he could "see red" and nothing else, as is evidenced by his crazy verse:

"I hold it true that never a man
Fought life and fought death,
And fought friend and foe,
For a woman's smile or a woman's fan,
Whether to-day or long ago,
Unless the tresses upon her head
Showed red, or at least a shade of red."

A harmless mania, since she was his wife. The man who woos a red-haired maid is "following the gleam"; marrying, he invests in a "gilt-

edged security"; and any family into which a red-haired child is born ranks at once with "the illuminati."

4. As a rule the auburns find themselves in northern latitudes. The blonde belt, the Xanthochroic zone, includes the Land of the Heather and the sandy pow. The Land of the Shamrock, according to Leif Ericson, had plenty of "red-headed warriors," though some were swarthy. The father of Leif Ericson, the Icelandic explorer, was called "Eric the Red." When Leif explored Ireland twelve hundred years ago, he found it plentifully adorned with red heads. He described the men as of a singular temperament, "alternately genial and irascible, a mixture of gentleness and fierceness," and the women as "quiet and inviting beings, with slender pliant bodies, soft gleaming skin, and rich red hair," sometimes falling over dark eyes—an unusual combination.

Twelve centuries later a tourist on foot among Killarney lakes was startled by lace-selling girls in the Gap of Dunloe because of the fascinating incongruity of glossy jet black hair and light steel-blue eyes, a weird æsthetic incompatibility. Occasional stray migrations from Norse and Saxon and Celtic lands across the Alps into Italy gave Titian the rich colors with which he glorified the superb women of his canvases and splendored Venetian art. Those colors are seen occasionally as far south as Naples, but are

scarce in the tropics. A lovelorn swain apprised his northern inamorata of his return from subtropical Ceylon in the Indian Ocean, by twanging his guitar under her window, improvising this ardent tribute to her superior charms:

"Underneath the warm equator
Where Colombo gleaming glistens,
Verdant land beyond compare,
No sweet Cinghalese is found there
Who has your bright bronze-gold hair."

5. The auburns are likely to be acutely color-sensitive. From this they derive some compensating pleasure. None others have more rapturous delight in all the multicolored splendor spread over earth and sky by the Divine Colorist who "makes the morning the herald of his glory and lifts along the glowing west the standards of the sun set." To one such this color-sensitiveness once gave an unforgettable moment of ecstasy in a vision of delicate beauty, seeing a child with hair of crocus-gold and eyes of robin's egg blue and cheeks like pale-pink rose petals. That day needed no vision of angels to make it heavenly. As between actual child and possible angels, the man was in a mood to sympathize with Emily Dickinson's naive words, "Heaven is said to be more beautiful than earth, but I guess if the Lord had been here last June and seen what I saw, he would have thought his heaven superfluous."

6. Finding themselves a perpetual subject of

comment, they cannot help noting with interest what is said of them. They find one disconsolate poetaster dropping this tear in his favorite paper:

"Where are the crimson pates of old?
The polls that gleamed with scarlet flame?
No more those waves of fire are rolled,
The world is dull and dark and cold,
And life is pale and drab and tame."

They find a dignified New York daily lamenting editorially the diminution of "the blondes, the flaxen-haired, the golden yellow, and the auburns, all fast merging into plain common brown, a lusterless, mud-colored brown, as dull as the plumage of the English sparrow." But the solemn editorial ends its jeremiad with the reflection that mostly it is the male auburns that are vanishing, and that "Yet there is cheer; here and there the glorious red-haired girl still holds the fort, one brilliant spot of beauty in the wide, somber monotony." They find themselves a subject of study to scientists and the universities. A dark-haired Harvard professor addressing the National Scientific Association, discusses the gradual decrease in the number of all kinds of blondes visibly proceeding now and predicts the ultimate extinction of the auburns along with the rest of the blondes. This brunette professor consoles us light-haired folk by saying that the culmination of our doom is somewhat remote. At the present rate of decrease it will take six

hundred years to extinguish us entirely; so we of the present generation need not worry. All the same it is sad to think what a somber picture the human race will present when what Burke called "those sad and fuscous colors, black and brown," wholly possess the earth. It will be like taking the bright, bloomy, luxuriant, colorful months from May to October out of the calendar and leaving only the lusterless landscape of dun-brown November, the verdureless, colorless winter, and the black mud of March. Then the canal boatmen in the red planet Mars, looking through their opera glasses, will wireless across to learn why the planet Earth has put on mourning; and the answer will be, "In mourning over the total disappearance of the Xanthochroi." That accomplished hostess, Lady Dorothy Nevill, who maintained in her London home a sort of salon with notable guests of all talents from everywhere, gave an artistic touch of brilliance to her receptions and lunches by wearing a large bright-red wig. One of her guests, seeing her afterward at a picture-exhibition without her wig and asking why her hair was black that day, received the witty answer, "I'm in mourning."

The auburns are further consoled by an art lecturer in Columbia University, from whom they learn that meanwhile, pending their extinction, their lot is not so hard, nor they themselves so hideous, as might be, for the reason that Nature kindly refrains from carrying

Schrecklichkeit to the uttermost against them. The lecturer says, "Nature never gives intense crimson cheeks and carmine lips to one who has brick-red hair." That would be a frightful clash of colors. This consolation because of Nature's forbearance resembles what the Southern woman had when she said God was too merciful to let any place be afflicted at one and the same time with Beast Butler and the yellow fever; so a merciful Heaven abolished the fever as soon as General Butler arrived. The Columbia lecturer implies that we could not have forgiven Nature if she had perpetrated such shocking incongruity as crimson cheeks with brick-red hair. To have Dame Nature indicted for chromatic ineptitude would be a cosmic scandal. It is a great comfort to have Nature's good taste certified by a university lecturer. It strengthened faith in the good taste of Nature's Author. Nature seems to be doing fairly well with her coloring, considering that she never attended art lectures at Columbia University.

7. Redheads are not without occasional moments of secret satisfaction. The Titian-tinted girls read with a smile that a leading business house in Chicago applied to the Collegiate Bureau of Occupations for "a stenographer with red hair and blue eyes," because, said the firm, "such girls are the quickest and most accurate in up-take and get-away;" and the comment of a New York daily that "such girls are usually

very good-looking, with peculiarly white skins and a charm singular among types of beauty." She reads with amusement how an exasperated Oxford undergraduate, filling out the examination papers as best he could, glanced across the room at his competitor and wrote spitefully at the bottom of his paper:

> "I've read for two years with a crammer,
> But all I can get is a gamma;
> While that girl over there
> With the flaming red hair
> Gets an alpha-plus easy,
> Plague take her."

She smiles again when she reads the letter which Bess at home wrote to Jack in the trenches in France: "That fellow who has your place, pro tem., in the office is a red-headed girl with freckles big enough to invite target practice. She's true blue, though, and patriotic enough to set us all a pace." Well, we'll warrant she's white of soul. So there she is, flying the national colors, red, white, and blue. What more could be asked from Jack's substitute, except that she give him his old position when Johnnie comes "marching home"? When in a national beauty contest at Atlantic City the highest prize went to an auburn-haired, hazel-eyed, sweet sixteen, a blonde smile rippled westward from the Eastern seaboard to the Golden Gate over the fair faces of the golden-haired. The auburn-haired boy reads with satisfaction how, in a

spelling match with picked scholars from all Brooklyn schools competing hour after hour, a red-headed, freckled boy took first prize, spelling down all the rest. Many a bright-haired young fellow held a silent jubilee when he read how red-headed Sergeant York, of Tennessee, in the fierce fighting in the Argonne Forest, filled one October day with glory by killing twenty-eight Huns, capturing and holding as prisoners one hundred and thirty-two Boches, and silencing thirty-five German machine guns; all this amazing one-man feat, unparalleled in warfare, certified to by the sergeant's general, who calls him "the bravest of men." Bravest, yet so modest that he felt "plumb scared to death" at the fuss made over him in New York and Washington and the big ovation given by the Tennessee Society, and wanted to get out of the limelight and hurry home to see his girl and his folks. Sergeant York said he felt so much stronger spiritually after fighting the inhuman fiends of German militarism that he wanted to join the army of the church militant which is nearest the firing line to fight devils of every kind. Was this because of his hair or in spite of it?

When later the Boy followed excitedly the triumphant achievement of Sir Ross Smith, in his flight of near 12,000 miles from London to Australia; read of the icy battle with snowstorms on the way to Boulogne, the race to Suda

Bay in blinding rain, the perilous passage over the mountain range at Crete, the tussle with thunder-storms near Singapore, the dragging of the machine out of the quagmire into which it plunged at Sourabaya; read how the capital-city of Sydney went wild with enthusiasm when the big biplane circled slowly down from a dark cloudy sky to the landing place; they saw the modesty of the Master-flyer raising his hands in protest at the rapturous ovation, saying, "There's nothing to it; anybody with our opportunities could do it; you have only to keep your machine going;" then saw that chivalrous gentleman pushing his two mechanics to the front saying, "These are the men who did it." When the Boy saw all this and noted incidentally that Sir Ross's hair was bright auburn, he was able to refrain from weeping.

John Burroughs credited his mentality and morality to his godly, gaudy red-haired father, who when a youth quit swearing, card-playing, horse-racing and Sabbath-breaking and joined the church; was a fond husband, a kind father, a good neighbor, a model citizen; improved his farm, paid his debts, did as he would be done by and lived up to his Christian profession. His religious feelings were warm, deep, and strong. He would pray anywhere. When his son John heard him early one morning praying in a hog-pen the awe-struck lad quickly ran away out of hearing, thinking it not proper for him to be

listening to his father's private interview with God. John Burroughs' intellectuality, ideality, and love of the true, the beautiful and the good came from his father's family line, in which were physicians and scholars, teachers and preachers. When Burroughs wrote of the flute-like melody and "serene devotional quality" of our American song thrush, the devotional was not in the bird but in the beloved poet-naturalist, distilled into him from his red-haired father's devout spirit, breathed into his young soul by the atmosphere of prayer in which his boyhood lived and grew. Fortunate boy with such a father, and fortunate world as well, for without that father, no John Burroughs.

2. A Hoodooed Boy

Away back in one of the previous centuries a boy was born on Friday, the thirteenth, red-headed; thus triply hoodooed from his birth, like an infant reprobate under the old Calvinism, damned before he was born.

The hoodoo of evil omens he easily disposed of before he was full grown. He was reared in a Christian home in an atmosphere of faith and not of superstition. He was taught very early, not fear of hobgoblins and bugaboos, but trust in a living God, the heavenly Father of his earthly children. He laughed evil omens to scorn and defied their menace. As for Friday, he learned that Washington, and Gladstone,

and Spurgeon, and many others of the great and good were born on that inauspicious day. He made Friday his favorite day, next to Sunday. He liked to be one of thirteen at a dinner table, and through life preferred, other things being equal, room number thirteen in hotel or sanitarium, whenever they dared put that number on a room. He made a habit of walking under ladders, spilling the salt, seeing the new moon over his left shoulder, and challenging every bad-luck sign he heard of. He wondered then how supposedly intelligent and even Christian people could be so superstitious, just as he wonders in these days at the statement in a reputable medical journal that "there are surgeons who will not operate on Friday, and will not ever operate with a red-headed nurse." To see Christians paying deference to such heathenish superstitions reminds one of the wasted kisses referred to in "On the Road to Mandalay." The heathen in his blindness is hardly more benighted than they in that particular. They are like children scaring themselves and each other with "The gobbeluns 'll git ye, ef ye don't watch out." See them trying to dodge little devils, nailing up horseshoes and "knocking wood" like terrified pagans beating tom-toms to frighten malicious evil spirits away. Even the judicious New York Times, says editorially: "The custom of knocking wood to prevent ill-luck is curiously common. Why that precaution

helps nobody knows, but that fact does not make the rite any less judicious."

The handicap of his red hair the Boy could not so easily dispose of, it being a fact and not a superstition. With this he had to worry along as best he could, and was part of the time able to bear indignities with meekness or at least in patient silence. When his father, at family prayers, read from the 119th Psalm, "The proud have had me in derision," the boy thought he knew how the psalmist felt. But he wondered then, as he wonders now, why the dark-haired folk should tote their haughty, unhaloed heads so high, as if they felt themselves to be the supermen. As years went on some consolations came to brace him. Once he got a helpful hint from the story of an Emir's son who was jeered continually because of his red hair until he went to his father and said: "Father, I cannot endure it—I must color my hair or kill myself."

"My son," said the Emir, "you must neither dye nor die; but conduct yourself so that other fathers shall wish that their sons had hair like yours."

The Boy, reading this story, thought that if he behaved himself, he might perhaps keep out of prison and live till he died.

Later other discouraging intimations came along to daunt his abashed and timid soul. Astrology's horoscope was not the most propi-

tious. He was not born under the luckiest constellation; zodiacal signs did not smile on him; so the stars in their courses were fighting against the hoodooed boy. This, in due time, he repelled with the reply, "It is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings." Also the Phrenologist came, felt of the bumps of his head and found some deficiencies, hollows as well as hillocks; but the Boy concluded on mature reflection that judging of a man's brains by the bumps on his skull is something like guessing at the amount of money in a safe by feeling of the knobs on the outside.

Last of all came Physiognomy, envisaged him squarely and made its comments. Its salient and central doctrine seemed to be that a protuberant proboscis prognosticates power and connotes courage—a very ancient notion. Thousands of years ago the Hindu epics pictured gods and heroes with prominent noses. The Rig-Veda contains contemptuous allusions to "foes with no noses." Vyasa describes Battle-Strong, his hero, as having a terrible "monstrous nose." It is written, "Napoleon always chose men with big noses as his chief officers. His own nose was a good one, but he was finally vanquished by the owner of a bigger one." Phenomenal importance is attributed to the nose; it fills the foreground of facial significance and makes or mars a countenance. The nose most elaborately celebrated in literature

belonged to a certain Herr Wahl, whose egregious proboscis provoked the poet Haug, friend and classmate of Schiller, to publish in 1804 two hundred witty epigrams about that prodigious feature. A sore affliction is such a nose. Cyrano de Bergerac, in Rostand's play, was cursed with a nose which made life a tragedy of ridicule for him. Cyrano was a valiant soul, and when Death approached, would not lie down but stood erect with drawn sword to fight off the last great enemy, crying bravely, "Since Death comes, I meet him still afoot and sword in hand." But even Death made fun of poor, persecuted Cyrano, who cries in anguish, "Why, I believe he too, even he, mocks my nose. Ho, insolent fiend!" A famous world-financier carried the mortification of a nose which was "like the heel of a shoe," or "like a warty toad squat in the middle of his face." His friends say that he would have given a million dollars to be rid of that affliction. But reconstructive facial surgery had not yet attained its present skill. To Fitz James O'Brien, poet and soldier, came an unexpected opportunity to have his nose remodeled to his taste. After one of his animated discussions he was obliged to resort for repairs to a surgeon, who gives this account of his patient. "He looked like Cruikshank's cartoon of 'the man wot wun the foight.' Never have I seen the human proboscis as completely comminuted. He was solicitous that I should

make it slightly aquiline but avoid the Israelitish extreme. Romans, not Hebrews, was his favorite epistle." Presumably the O'Brien's new nose resembled that of Pet Marjorie Fleming's monkey:

> "His nose's cast is that of the Roman;
> He is a very pretty woman.
> I could not get a rime for Roman,
> So was obliged to call him woman."

The most striking feature in John Henry Newman's melancholy face was his nose, which Lecky, the historian, curiously describes as "very large and bending about a good deal in different directions to economize space." (Wouldn't that make it occupy more space?) An English observer in Paris during the Peace Conference noted that Woodrow Wilson resembled Joseph Chamberlain, the English political leader, and said: "The most marked feature in both is the challenging nose, that type of nose on which, said Hazlitt, 'the younger Pitt suspended the House of Commons.'" Such a nose might signal to a Senate, "You be hanged." Some senators remember that it did.

Unquestionably the prevalent idea about the promise and potency of the nose is fairly expressed in a homely versifier's picture of a father coming home late at night, bending over his sleeping boy's crib and saying, proudly, "Gosh, that's a capable nose! He'll make his

way in the world." Our before-mentioned hoodooed Boy was early impressed with the importance given to the nose, the significance imputed to it. In his teens he read in reports of the battles of the Civil War that Fighting Joe Hooker's great fighting at Williamsburg, Antietam, and Lookout Mountain was credited to his powerful nose, while his defeat at Chancellorsville and failures elsewhere were blamed on his retreating chin.

The Boy, aware of his own defects, not having a chin like a plowshare nor "a nose like the prow of a ship," as Emerson describes Thoreau's, had misgivings as to his ability to face the world, and actually prayed to be saved from ever being a coward. One day in early manhood he got help in London. It was the day after Landseer died. After reading the accounts in the morning papers he went to the National Gallery and spent an hour with the collection of Landseer's paintings. Among them was "Wellington Revisiting Waterloo." There has long been a persistent legend about the phenomenal largeness of Wellington's nose. A popular essayist calls it "a conquering nose, able to crash through a world." In Landseer's picture the Iron Duke has ridden out upon his old battlefield and, halting his horse at a critical point on the scene of the great conflict, is pointing out with lifted arm and projecting forefinger to Lady Somebody, on her horse beside him, how the battle

surged to and fro, and where the victory was won. The picture gives a side view of Wellington so that the profile of his features stands out distinctly. The Boy could not help noticing that the nose was like his own, and the angels did not laugh at him when a wild peradventure fluttered in his heart that if that nose plowed through Waterloo, there might be a faint possibility that there was hidden somewhere in himself unsuspected the ability to play the soldier, if need arose and the hour struck and duty called. Wondering in boyhood what he would do fronting danger, he never dared count himself a hero and was not over-fond of fighting. Yet he remembered noticing once when he cut his finger that his blood was as red as anybody's. Now and then on stirring occasions he felt tiny bubbles of incipient courage effervescing in his veins and in his soul something of the valor of the pugnacious little chap who said, "Mother, if the Big old Devil should come at me, maybe I would be scairt; but if any of them little devils comes foolin' 'round me, I'll knock the stuffin' out of 'em quicker 'n scat." Years later, when the resemblance of George Washington's nose to his own came in to make a trio, the modest boy was in danger of dizziness. A picture of the famous field marshal, Viscount Wolseley, also gave encouragement, since, notwithstanding his weak chin, he was a resolute and rocky soldier whose daring got him pretty

well shot to pieces by the time he was twenty-one.

"There's many a chin that sticks out,
Aggressive, bony and firm,
At the base of the face of some lout
Who hasn't the nerve of a worm."

As time went on the red-haired Boy learned that even that is not a fatal bar-sinister. Some redheads have been fairly respectable; that was a gleam of light. Next to religion, the realm nearest this boy was literature, especially the supernal literature of the Book of books. He was born in a parsonage, in the next room to a library. In childhood he used books instead of blocks for building houses on the floor. In his father's study he tumbled over piles of the old Methodist Quarterly Review. The parsonage mind is much occupied with studying and thinking for the purpose of expression in speech or writing. Children reared in that intellectual atmosphere go naturally into authorship or professional life. In the nineteenth century three boys were born, sons of ministers, in middle New Jersey, not far apart in time or space. One of these boys, James M. Buckley, minister, author of books, edited The Christian Advocate thirty-two years; another, Richard Watson Gilder, in spirit a minister preaching all his life in prose and verse, was author of beautiful books, and edited the Century Magazine twenty-five years; the third, also a minister, author of

this book, edited the Methodist Review twenty-seven years. Such is frequently the tendency of ministers' children. Religion and literature are their native air. One of these boys, roaming the realms of literature, began early to note notable redheads among the bright lights in the world of letters, and in the course of time had a convincing list of the lustrous illustrious. Conspicuous in fourteenth-century England was John Gower, a poet in three languages—Latin, French and English—ranking in his day as the peer of Chaucer, who dubbed him "Moral Gower," on account of the ethical intent and urge of all his poetry, and who dedicated to him as a friend his own "Troilus and Cressida." He had "a grave face framed with long auburn hair." In the fifteenth century was Shakespeare, whose hair was guilty of gilt. "Handsome, well-shaped, hazel-eyed and auburn haired, square-headed and high-foreheaded, altogether a fine figure of a man," so his friends tell us. In the sixteenth century Sir Philip Sidney is painted thus: "A delicate Anglo-Norman face, soft blue eyes, and flowing auburn hair." The seventeenth century was glorified by those two sublime seers and immortal dreamers, John Milton, with his blue eyes and auburn hair, and John Bunyan, who is described as "tall, large-boned, strong-built, with sparkling eyes and reddish hair." America's great friend, Lafayette, was in his school days "the big boy with red

hair." In nineteenth-century England, various shades of red crowned the heads of John Ruskin, Elizabeth Barrett in youth, and the Duke of Argyle, author of *The Reign of Law*. When the Hoodooed Boy looked down from the visitors' gallery of the House of Commons, the two figures he noticed most were Gladstone sitting on the front bench with legs out-stretched lengthily, half reclining, gazing wearily at the ceiling while listening to the debate, and near him the Duke of Argyle, then a member of Gladstone's cabinet, as secretary of state for India. On the red-gold hair of that statesman, scholar, theologian, author of the *Reign of Law* familiar to the Boy, his blue eyes lingered. Will H. Low describes Robert Louis Stevenson, getting off the Calais train in Paris in 1875, as "a figure unspeakably slight, a face delicate and sensitive, the high cheek-bones of the Scot, light hair with the sandy tint we associate with his countrymen."

Undoubtedly the most flaming and flagrant poll Britain ever saw among its literati was Algernon Charles Swinburne's. An old lady, who knew him in boyhood, remembered him as "a mischievous red-headed young varmint." His cousin, Lord Redesdale, pictured him as a puny, fragile lad with sloping shoulders that looked too weak to support that big bushy head whose tousled fiery hair stood off in all directions—red, violently red, like burnished copper. Edmund Gosse likened it to a burning bush or a

balloon on fire. "Swinburne of the flaming hair," a London paper headlined at his death. Henry James and Mr. Gosse furnished two vivid incidents. Mr. James had a portentous capacity for momentous moments. He experienced them more frequently than any other writer of his generation. Wherever he chanced to be, a momentous moment was likely to happen. One is reminded of Sir Philip Sidney's saying, "Self-love is better than any gilding to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties." James caught first sight of Swinburne in the National Gallery, London. While he stood gazing at Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne he suddenly discovered a man beside him whose uncovered head resembled a large, bright orange-colored chrysanthemum, and knew it must be Swinburne. That was enough to make the time and place momentous. Mr. James counted it a "prodigious circumstance" that he was standing at that lurid momentous moment in the presence of the two most famous exploiters of the glory of red hair, Titian and Swinburne, one the supreme artist of it, the other the most dazzling personal exhibit, the "most *chevelu* head in the world"—(*chevelu* applied to a comet means "blazing-tailed"). Mr. Gosse's incident tells how Swinburne's flaming, wind-blown hair once stopped a congregation on their way to church. Swinburne was visiting a country clergyman, and instead of going to church Sunday morning

stood leaning over the fence in front of the rectory clad in a wrapper, his exuberant hair flaring in the sunlight like a roadside bonfire, a scandalous and glaring impropriety. The startled church-goers halted and stood staring like frightened sheep at the strange fantastic apparition, until the sexton, wondering at the non-arrival of the congregation, rang the bell a second time; when the boldest man in town bolted past the danger-signal razzle-dazzling over the rectory gate, and the rest of the flock stampeded after their bell-wether.

America has none to compare with the author of "Atlanta in Calydon" in high-colored hair or high-colored poetry; but has had a few lesser literary lights. W. D. Howells refers to Mark Twain's "splendid shock of abundant red hair in young manhood." When a reporter in Virginia City, Nevada, he was "a young man with twinkling, mischievous eyes, and hair of a bright sunny hue." Ridiculed in early life for his hair, he took a rough revenge upon mankind as jester-at-large, joking irreverently about nearly everything and everybody. He climaxed the jests of his mischievous, irreverent, sarcastic years, at a banquet of the literary elite of New England, by a lying yarn which made an alleged California miner give an account of an alleged visit to his cabin by Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, and Emerson. Mark made the supposed Californian describe Emerson as "a seedy, little bit of a

chap, red-headed." Mark Twain's scurvy joke was not received by the Athens of America as wit, but as gross bad taste and vulgar clownishness, taking audacious liberties with the Brahmin caste and with those whose guest he was. Mark Twain was only getting even with the world for ridicule heaped on him in his youth. Whitcomb Riley, in his latter years, told of the terrible time he had with his hair and his freckles: "The fellows and girls used to joke about them, and what they said hurt. You can't know how it hurts to have your peculiarities made sport of unless you have felt that sting." When this Laureate of Boyville made one boy say, "Mebbe I is red headed and has freckles and warts, but I ain't twins and I kin be told apart," he was writing about himself. Spite of handicaps he endeared himself to all who were ever boys and to all who love boys. Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," winced under the ridicule heaped on his rebellious red hair, but became the pride of the Southland and the joy of millions. Once he spent several exclamation points thus: "Jimmy's hair is fiery red and *yet* he seems to be happy!!!" Emily Dickinson's latest critical admirer speaks of her "rich, gleaming, gold-auburn hair." We recall her picture of herself, a red-haired child in the family pew in Amherst on a sultry afternoon, hearing with one ear the preacher droning on overhead in the high pulpit, and with the other

ear listening to the boring and bumbling of the bees, until, under the lulling of the two somniferous sounds, little Emily "fell asleep with the bumblebees and the Lord God of Elijah." Carolina Ticknor writes of Nora Perry, "She was not beautiful but was very proud of her wealth of reddish-golden hair, which I when a child was privileged to see brushed out and hanging far below her waist. Golden hair figures in many of her poems." Dorothy Homan's description of "A Beautiful Baby" includes blue eyes and this:

> His hair is gay as
> Daffodils
> That nod and dip
> In April rain,
> And when the sun comes
> Out again
> They seem to sing
> With yellow joy.
> His hair is gay as
> Daffodils.

White-haired, noble-faced Julia Ward Howe, whom we have heard recite with majestic dignity and quivering patriotic religious passion "The Battle-Hymn of the Republic," was once a little red-haired girl living near the Battery in old New York. The brightest of American literary heads was T. B. Aldrich's, brilliant inside as well as outside, emitting electric flashes of wit. "Only touch him and he goes off like a Roman candle," said Doctor Holmes. When his puppy

chewed one of its owner's manuscript sonnets that had fallen on the floor, Aldrich sparkled instantly, "How did he know it was doggerel?"

In the course of time the Hoodooed Boy, looking back through history, caught sight of heights that flash and courts illumined. A venerable tradition says that Trojan Helen was one of the rich red-golds. With this hint a poet tells of a boy in school whose seat was by a window, and who, instead of studying his Homer's "Iliad," sat looking out, rapt with the sky, and clouds, and trees, and birds. He did this so much that the teacher moved him to the middle of the room.

> "He learned his lesson then for very gloom,
> Until came glowing to a near-by chair
> A little girl with sunset in her hair."

Then his eyes wandered from his Greek to that sweet vision. Her loose, sunset hair afloat upon her shoulders obscured bright Helen and the blazing towers of Troy. The dreaming boy was under a like spell with Poe, whose imagination was so entangled in Helen's tresses that he wrote it was Helen's "hyacinth hair" that drew him from "roaming on desperate seas" to "the glory that was Greece"; the same spell of beauty that made Emerson write of a "Hyacinthine boy for whom morn well might break and April bloom." What was "the glory that was Greece"? Her art was certainly part

of it. The Greeks were the master-sculptors; some hold they are still. None will deny that they knew beauty. Their tutelary goddess was Athena, and, of course, their statues of her made her divinely beautiful. When their greatest artists had carved their conception of her in purest marble as a superb woman of majestic mien, there was only one thing they could do to make the goddess more beautiful than mere white marble could; and they did it. A British scholar tells us: "They painted Athena's braided marble hair that ruddy hue which later was vouchsafed to Queen Eizabeth." "Vouchsafed!" As if ruddy hair were the crowning glory bestowable by men upon a goddess or by gods upon a queen. One of Charles Maurra's "marvels that bloomed on the Acropolis," the auburn-haired marble Athena was not the only goddess to whom was given hair of the ruddy hue. Francis Thompson looks back to the time when the poetic Greek, beholding Apollo in the forefront of the morning, also saw Aphrodite in the upper air "loose the long luster of her red-gold locks." In these modern days an imaginative American at Santa Barbara looking out across the Pacific sees Venus Anadyomene riding in a fluted shell on the back of the tritons, and the lithe, slim goddess of the sea is "combing the tangled night-curls from her ruddy hair" to be ready for the coming of her lover, the young rising sun.

The palaces and thrones of history have sometimes flamed with "foliage of vermilion hue." In English annals the most regal figure in the Guild of the Gilded is Elizabeth, the virgin queen, whose royal crown of gold rested on a nimbus of golden hair. During her brilliant reign hair like hers was so much prized that a court artist, painting the portrait of a queen's maid of honor, made her appear fairer that she was by giving a reddish tinge to her hair. When in 1837 the Princess Victoria, aged eighteen, was waked early on a June morning and came downstairs in a dressing-gown, with her auburn hair falling loose over her shoulders, to receive from the Archbishop of Canterbury and other august officials notice of her succession to the throne by the death of her uncle, the king, and the English crown rested again on the despised color, the ridicule of redheads ceased once more in Britain. According to Andrew Lang, Mary Queen of Scots had "bright russet hair and red hazel eyes." In Titian's time red-gold was so popular that the Venetian women to whom nature had denied that ornament acquired it by staining their locks with some vegetable extract, and then sitting in the sun for hours with their long tresses spread over broad straw hats from which the top of the crown had been removed. Eugenie Montijo's radiant hair "of just the shade that Titian loved to paint," was one of the charms that won Louis Napoleon's admi-

ration and helped win what little heart a man with such snaky eyes and treacherous soul could have. And, during the years she sat beside Victor Hugo's "Napoleon the Little" on the throne of France as empress, auburn of every shade was "all the rage" in the French capital and provinces. At one time the most admired among European princesses was the Duchess Isabel, of the modest House of Savoy—a striking and athletic figure who held the brilliancy prize for the twofold reason that she had the showiest head of carroty-red at any court of Europe, and also was champion gymnast and fencer, an imposing and formidable person surely.

The relative rank of different colors seems not generally known. The decorative value of red is known to magazine makers, who report that it is the most effective color for front-cover decoration, darker colors being used to set it off; and to fashion-plate makers and window-dressers who know that no picture of styles and no show-window groups are complete without one gold or auburn-headed figure. A famous creator of fashions says: "No type of beauty can be more strikingly lovely than the woman with vivid red hair. She may be as decorative as a mural painting." Advertisers know the charm of this type of beauty, and in subway cars, before Government Railroad Administration took the beauty out of life, the loveliest panel was Phoebe

Snow in robes of white upon the road of anthracite with her sunrise head of hair. Macmillans tempt our Æsthetics with the enticing announcement that one of their issues will have "a gay cover in golden-rod yellow."

Poets and artists know the indispensable ornamental value of the female of the species, know beauty when they see it, and cannot keep house without the light of radiant-haired women. Shakespeare's Julia and Silvia have auburn hair, and the tresses of Milton's Eve are golden. In Tennyson's "Princess," his "sweet girl graduates" have "golden hair." The splendid lines,

> The red gold cataract of her streaming hair
> Is tumbled o'er the boundaries of the world,

seem not extravagant when applied to the brilliant beauty of Cleopatra, the Egyptian queen, in view of her influence on the fate of empires through her fascinating of Cæsar and Anthony. Less fortunate is Lowell's "Legend of Brittany" when it lapses into exaggeration by making the lavish gold of Margaret's loose hair seem to diffuse a glory even in the dark. A Manxman mourns the belle of the region: "The fairest maid in all our town was she, light flaxen with a touch of marigold." One poet's chief lament at a graveside is, "Too bad to shut the coffin lid on the gleam of such golden hair."

When Poe laments over the body of that "rare

and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore," so young, so fair, so debonair, he notes that though death darkens her eyes, the golden light lies bright upon "her yellow hair." In Aldrich's poem, "White Edith," the pictorial center is his word-painting of her in the fire-lit room and in the antique chair:

"That slight girl shape,
The auburn braid about the saintly brows,
Making a nimbus, and she white as snow."

Aldous Huxley's most delightful poem is gilded with these lines:

"Jenny, adorable, has anyone the right
To look so lovely as you look to-night,
To have such eyes and such a helmet of bright
hair?"

No more charming picture of a child has appeared in current verse than Mrs. Joyce Kilmer's Deborah, "Her hair a ruffled crest of gold." Instances like these have embellished poetry from the dawn of literature until now.

Our venerated Dr. William F. Warren, recondite scholar and far-foraging littérateur, discovers for us this rare sonnet, written by Father Edmond of Notre Dame and the Heart of Mary:

"To Saint Mary Magdalen

"Mid the white spouses of the Sacred Heart,
After its queen, the nearest, dearest thou;
Yet the aureola around thy brow
Is not the virgins'—thine a throne apart.

Nor yet, my Saint, does faith-illumined art
  Thy hand with pain of martydom endow;
  And when thy hair is all it will allow
Of glory to thy head, we do not start.
O more than virgin in thy penitent love.
  And more than martyr in thy passionate woe.
Who knelt not with thee on the gory sod,
How should they now sit throned with thee above?
  Or where the crown our worship could bestow
Like that long gold which wiped the feet of God?"

As for the artists, great painters have always known the artistic value of such colors, foremost among them Titian, whose canvases often glow with the luster of red-gold auburn hair, crowning his superb women. This master colorist, the central figure of the Renaissance in Italy, was no dilettante æsthete, but a virile, rugged individuality, never lowering his art to the level of voluptuousness; spiritual enough to picture the gentleness, intellect, and dignity of Christ as few artists have. And he it was who perceived and exalted the æsthetic preciousness of rich red which the unartistic ignorant despise and hoodlums mock and jeer. The high charm of his great pictures still splendors Europe with brightness in the galleries of Venice, Rome, Florence, Dresden, Paris, London, Madrid, Antwerp, Munich, Vienna, and Petrograd, unless the insane malice of German vandals has destroyed them. One of his pictures was used by a wise artist to comfort a little girl who was crying in a Venetian art palace because her

brother kept calling her "redhead." Her mother said, "Never mind, he's only teasing you." But the artist knew a more effectual way. He lifted little Charlotte in his arms, held her up before one of Titian's richly colored paintings, and showed her that the bright hair in the picture was like her own. He told her it was by a great artist who admired that color most.

"Do you mean it's pretty?" asked Charlotte.

"It's beautiful. All artists think so. Don't ever cry again about your hair. It's beautiful," said that son of consolation, and saved that child then and there from torment, and lifted her above chagrin and humiliation for all subsequent years.

True artist-souls, like Titian, see beauty, whether physical or spiritual, when others do not, just as true poet souls see poetry unperceived by common eyes.

"The poem hangs on the berry-bush
Till comes the poet's eye.
The whole street is a masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by."

Two other artists before Titian's time knew beauty, physical and spiritual, and saw both in a child and an old man. In Florence in the fifteenth century lived an old gilder, a master in his line, who shunned the light of day because his face was so disfigured by a nose that was covered with wartlike growths and discolored

by purplish inflammation, that crowds of boys jeered at him on the streets. For this reason he seldom ventured out until late at night. One day a wealthy patron, calling at the old gilder's shop to order some work, was accompanied by a beautiful child, son of a princely house. The child was not repelled by the disfigured countenance, but, rather, won by the gentle soul which smiled from the good old man's face. Soon they were looking lovingly into each other's eyes, and presently the boy was nestling close to the old gilder, the two drawn together by the pure gentleness and sweetness of nature which they had in common. At that moment Ghirlandajo, foremost of Florentine artists in his day, happened in at the gilder's shop, and seeing the spiritual unity under outward contrast, cried, "Saints in heaven, what a picture!" and having sketched it went home to put it on canvas. When it was finished Botticelli, looking at it, said: "Ghirlandajo, when your painted ceilings and your Saint Jeromes are forgotten, this representation of the triumph of a beautiful soul over bodily disfigurement will be treasured as your masterpiece." The happiness in the old gilder's face was due to his seeing that the child with the heart and eyes of an angel did not notice his ugliness; just as old black Mammy's face shone with happiness and her joy was proud within her when the white child nestled on her neck and golden curls rippled, over her shoul-

der, the child not noticing that she was black, not having yet wandered far enough from the kingdom of heaven to be caught by barbed-wire entanglements of the hateful color line. Who was it said, "Except ye become as little children"?

Sir Joshua Reynolds sometimes imitated Titian. His well-known picture in the National Gallery, London, of the child Samuel listening to the voice of the Lord, gives the beautiful boy light auburn hair. Of painters in our time, Whistler came nearest to being a Titianite. In his pictures shown in the Metropolitan Museum, five of his eight little girls have light auburn or reddish chestnut hair. When he was experimenting in symphonic color-schemes, as against color-contrasts, he planned his famous "White Girl," a tall, slender, spirituelle figure in white gown, standing on a fur rug in front of a white curtain, her trance-like pose and rapt expression giving the beholder a sense of the spiritual world. The model Whistler chose for the painting of this in his Paris studio was a young Irish girl with magnificent copper-colored hair and cream-white complexion. In his picture, "The Gold Girl," Connie Gilchrist has a gold bodice, sleeves and buskins, as well as gold hair. Noting the too-dark tendency of some monochromatic painting, one critic commends a recent monochrome by a blithe young Frenchman, "a little pink girl, warm and tender and

gay, with blue eyes but pink shoes, pink dress, and pink hair." In the same museum the painting of "The Lady Lilith," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the Pre-Raphaelite, is a picture of mystic poignant charm, in which the color-center is the copious rippling, red-gold hair which the fair woman is combing out. In the vivid painting by Henry O. Tanner, son of Bishop Tanner, of "Jesus in the Home of Mary and Martha," which hangs in the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, both of the Bethany sisters have red or reddish hair.

Ruskin, "High Priest of the Beautiful," noting the preciousness of color in the beauty scheme of the world, puts the glory of radiant hair along with the blue of the sky, the gold of the sunshine, the verdure of leaves and grass, the crimson of the blood flushing the cheek, the iris of the eye; without which life would be far less lovely. In General Lew Wallace's Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ, a book full of portraits, Solomon has "hair of the tint of gold in the sun," as David has when he goes before Saul; the Virgin Mother has violet eyes and golden hair; and Jesus' hair is soft, wavy and "of auburn tint, bright red-gold when touched by the sun."

From George Meredith's gay raillery against it, we learn of a modern renaissance of Titianism. In "Celt and Saxon" the portrait of Jane Mattock with her fiery aureole of hair on the

wall of the breakfast room in the family mansion sets Meredith going in this fashion: "Jane's hair is of a reddish gold-inwoven tint that would have been labeled in her grandfather's time as carroty. The girl of his day, thus afflicted by Nature, would have been shown wearing it with some decent downcast sulkiness. The red truth would have been told with dextrous concealment—a rope of it wound up close as a bud for the tortoise-shell comb behind, and a pair of tight cornucopias plastered down flat to the temples. But what does our modern artist do with Jane's marigold hair but flare it to the right and left, lift it wavily over her forehead, and flaunt its exuberance all abroad, as if he had sworn to make us admire it as a poetical splendor, against all our traditions."

The final answer to the coarse and ignorant ridiculers of red, and auburn, and gold is that those are the colors the sun loves best and glorifies most.

When Alice Freeman Palmer was teaching the girls in Boston slums and showing them how to be happy, she told them, for one thing, to look every day for something beautiful—a flower, or leaf, or cloud, or star, and to look at it long enough to say, "Isn't it beautiful." One day one of those poor girls was compelled to stay indoors and tend a sick baby. There was nothing pretty in the dingy, gloomy room, but a beam of sunshine came in the window and fell

upon the baby's hair, and the girl saw it and cried, "Isn't it beautiful?" Mrs. Palmer went to see that baby and tells us: "You have heard of artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair there were the reds and the brownish golds which are seen in the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful." At all seasons the sun loves to shine into the squalidest tenement to gild with glory the slum-child's red-gold hair.

The sun loves to reveal on a Warwick morning hill-top the amber retinal reflex, deep-hid in a dark-haired young girl's eyes; and by a Lakehurst noon brookside a spot of brighter amber in her hair betraying secret auburn tendencies, almost a black and gold effect in one about whom, in a vivid dream, a middle-aged woman said to a white-haired man, "She is very sensitive to the beautiful things people tell her she will grow into."

The winter sun of a Sabbath morning on a city street loves to glorify from head to foot a reverent maiden on her way to church. In a home whose hospitalities have earned it the name "Hotel of the Universe" the divine artist arranged a color scheme of rare balance and completeness by sending into it three little girls, one brown-haired, one light flaxen, and one that bright auburn of which at times the sun makes a dazzling spectacle. Walking to church with that Honorary Member of the Titian Tints Club

one brilliant December morning, the glittering sunlight glorifying her bright purple costume and splendid hair, the visitor at her side said to her enigmatically, "I feel like the Assyrian"—not that the man ever "came down like a wolf on the fold," but that "his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold," like the Assyrian's. That daughter of a friend's home does not know that the visitor's private name for her thenceforth is "Cohorts," linked in his literary memory with Milton's "bright cohorts of the cherubim."

The sun can glorify such colors even to dying eyes. Michael Fairless makes the face of a dying man in a wretched garret in the East End of London light up with pleasure when "the sun stretched a sudden finger and painted the chimney-pots red and gold against the smoke-dimmed sky," making the dull chimneys look like high gateposts to the House Not Made With Hands. Red and gold are the sun's favorite colors, nearest akin to himself.

Where now is the ridiculer with his insolent or idiotic grin? In the light of all the glory we see streaming from these Children of the Sun, how does the scoffer look, sitting up there in the seat of the scornful on the high terrace of his self-conceit? Is not he himself the most ridiculous of all asinine creatures? And does not any human face with a sneer on it belong in the Rogues' Gallery at police headquarters?

This tribute to the Titian Tints, a tribute

woven of facts and not of fancies, is to gibbet guilty persecutors and to hearten with its culminating homage innocent victims, many of whom are the light of the world.

3. Shyness

Ridicule is responsible for most of the shyness which afflicts sensitive souls. In the famous Boston Saturday Club the chief talkers are said to have been Lowell, Holmes, and Agassiz; Longfellow less talkative; while Emerson and Whittier were the least loquacious. A familiar story says that, at a meeting in honor of an illustrious member of the club, the most eminent name on the list of speakers was Emerson's. When his turn came and he was called to speak, he unfolded hesitatingly to his full six-feet height, stood silent some moments in apparent embarrassment, and then sat down without having uttered one word, leaving his place on the program vacant. Supposing this story to be true, his behavior seems unaccountable. Who would expect a man of Emerson's ability to flunk at such a time and place? The occasion was important, he was in the presence of friends even if critics, he was the most distinguished member of that club of celebrities, his genius the most crystalline, his mind the most purely platonic, in American literature. Why did he fail? Was it fear of the highly critical Sanhedrin before which he stood? Was it a

sense of unpreparedness, and a decision to say nothing rather than offer the occasion anything below his own idea of its merit? Speculation is useless. Quite possiby he could not have explained why; perhaps there was no rational reason. It looks like sheer shyness, which is instinctive, inscrutable, and cannot give reasons. A similar story is told of Thackeray. Riding to a meeting where Dickens was to preside and where he was expected to speak, he said to his friend: "They think I can't make a speech, but I'll show them. I'm going to speak to-night," and he named his subject. Yet when the moment came he balked and uttered not a word. In the cab going home he said to his friend, "That's the greatest speech that was never delivered."

Emerson's intellectual ideals were transcendentally exalted. High ideals are stern, imperious masters. I once wrote to Dr. A. J. Lyman: "You speak of ideals which you think we have in common. Ideals are tyrannical. Some of mine have treated me severely, giving me forty lashes on the bare back at times. But I will cringe to them forever and die kissing their feet." Besides Emerson's exacting ideals and well-known shyness, sayings of his indicate that he was by preference and on principle rather a listener than a talker. For example: "The scholar's secret is this, Every man I meet knows something I do not know. Wisdom for me lies in learning that thing from him."

Public speakers not a few, even some of the ablest, have experienced "stage fright," fear of an audience; sometimes a nervous chill. Report says that if John Bright had to make a speech before night, he would complain at breakfast of not having slept well, feeling poorly, and would remark nervously that it seemed likely to be a chilly day. A noted minister used to tell how once, in his very early ministry, when he was on his way to preach in a little country church, he felt so frightened as he approached the place that he left the road and hid among thick trees until the gathered farmers, tired of waiting for the preacher to arrive, had driven home. The scared young fellow literally "took to the woods." Dr. O. S. Baketel confesses to having done the same thing substantially.

J. M. Barrie, having been invited to come to America, to speak at the Lowell centenary celebration in New York, with the promise of an audience of at least one thousand, let his native diffidence play in his reply: "If I had to address a thousand persons, my voice would sound from under the table, and only those in the front seats would hear. If the thousand would come singly to me under the table, I might be able to address them one at a time." Many years ago Max Strakosch was touring Canada with his company of singers and Emma Thursby as his leading lady. At Ottawa, before beginning the evening's entertainment, he told his

nephew, aged seventeen, to go before the curtain and ask the indulgence of the audience for Miss Thursby's voice; "Tell them she has taken cold, and is a little hoarse." The young Austrian sped to the front of the platform, and, on finding himself out there alone, close to a vast crowd, was so frightened out of his wits that he lost his English and told them with a German accent that Miss Thursby was "a small horse," whereat the house exploded in a roar of laughter. For this blunder his uncle Max did not reprimand him, but said, "You've put the house in a good humor and it does not matter now about Miss Thursby's voice." A clear enough case of stage fright experienced by many.

Shyness is no sign of inferiority, but rather of the superior fineness found in the higher mental and physical organisms. It is the reaction which comes from a highly sensitized impressibility. It is due to no defect, but to delicate susceptibility. The capacity for being thoroughly scared is a condition for real courage, valor which is not stolidity. "Aren't you afraid?" asked one soldier of another who seemed cool in battle. "If you were half as scared as I am, you'd have run long ago," was the reply. A young brave graduate of Northwestern University and Union Theological Seminary, undertaking a series of five-minute noon-hour shop-talks to men in the works, wrote, "It was like jumping off Brooklyn Bridge." Not

the weak, nor the coarse, nor the common, but the gifted and the rare and the refined are often shy. Nor is it any evidence of demerit; often those who have nothing to be ashamed of are as hesitant and timid as if they had done something wrong, while others who ought to be ashamed of themselves are unabashed and brazen and bold-spoken. Examples confirmative of this abound. Really pathetic is E. R. Sill's letter from California to a friend in Boston, when he contemplated returning East. The poet and essayist was full of dread at thought of facing his old associates. He was in a panic of self-distrust lest he find himself out of tune with his Eastern environment, unable to function up to expectations of friends and critics, or even his own standards of behavior and performance, and so be a disappointment to his circle and a mortification to himself. He shrank from the ordeal and hesitated whether to come at all. Equally painful reading is the reply written by Joel Chandler Harris at the age of twenty-seven to a midle-aged lady friend who had urged him to come out of his seclusion, mingle more with people, go into society, make friends. His answer suggests the sensitiveness of one whose skin was sore to the touch, so did he shrink from social contact, so conscious was he of his defects, which his imagination magnified. He confessed to this wise, honest, sincere friend that he simply could not endure society. He felt himself des-

titute of social graces and unfit for social intercourse. Francis Thompson cites Shelley as an instance of a sensitive spirit made hypersensitive and shy by petty persecution from his fellows, who, though they stopped short of physical injury, caused him to be likened by Thompson to a little Saint Sebastian, stung by barbed arrows which filled his school days with rankling resentment. Shyest of women was Emily Dickinson, the Hermit Thrush of Amherst, who hid herself out of sight and out of reach in impenetrable seclusion, not only from the world outside her front gate, but even from old and honorable friends who traveled distances in hope of seeing her. More recently two nieces of Henry Adams have told us that he was painfully sensitive and shy of revealing himself, shrinking from the approach of strangers and sometimes even of friends. He invented many devices for concealing himself. One of his ways of hiding from company was to devote himself exclusively to any child that was within reach. With utter humility and self-abasement he would become the awe-inspired playmate of the tiniest child that came where he was.

Biographies, autobiographies and testimonies of friends give the impression that the number of those who regard themselves as handicapped by disadvantages (which they exaggerate) in comparison with others (whose advantages they magnify) is larger than we would expect to

find in the class counted worthy of biographical commemoration. And shyness resulting from the notion of personal inferiority is made to seem more prevalent than is generally supposed. Instances multiply upon our notice continually. A great teacher revealed his sensitiveness over a defect so slight that no one else ever noticed or thought of it, by speaking of himself in a letter as "the man with a broken face." That gifted woman Mary Russell Mitford betrayed her unhappy consciousness in a letter thus: "My verses are not graceful. They are lumpish, short and thick-squat, like their luckless author. If you wish a correct likeness of your poor little dumpy friend, get a round radish or an overblown peony by way of head, on a good-sized white turnip by way of body, and you have her figure."

We have been told lately that Eliza Savage, the little lame lady whom Samuel Butler eulogized in verse and in his books as surpassing all other women in brilliancy and goodness, and with whom he cherished a fond and intimate friendship through many years, lived her life without love's fruition and died "paling with a hid chagrin" in bitterness of heart because her lover held back from marrying her on account of her homely face. Charles Darwin was afraid to propose to his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, because he conceived himself to be repellently homely. "A very unnecessary fear," said the lady, whose acceptance filled him with

childlike gratitude for her goodness and condescension in consenting.

John Ruskin, High Priest in the temple of Beauty, was unbeautiful in the outward man and was acutely aware of his defects. When Maggie Benson wrote to him, asking for his picture, he told a friend he would not send it because he was so ugly. When he was lecturing on Modern Painters at Oxford University an undergraduate described his "tawny reddish hair, retreating chin, and nose hooked like an eagle's beak." In addition his mouth had a queer pugnacious twist from one lip having been torn by the bite of a dog when he was a child. He let his full beard grow to hide his face as much as possible. Nevertheless when Ruskin closed his last lecture, he so overwhelmed the Oxonians with awe that no one spoke or moved; a great hush fell on the assembly. They no more thought of the usual thunder of applause than they would think of applauding "the angels' song that makes the heavens be mute." John Addington Symonds believed, until he was a grown man, that he filled everybody with repugnance; if anyone happened to pass without noticing him, he construed it as an intentional slight, a sign of aversion. A. C. Benson recalls that in childhood and youth he suffered torture from a morbid fear of being ridiculed or disliked. Emerson all his life felt himself ill adapted to society, a kill-joy, casting restraint and gloom

and chill on the company by his presence. Shyness began in him in boyhood when he and his brother, who had only one overcoat between them, were made to feel their poverty by the jeers of other boys, who taunted him with, "Whose turn is it to wear the coat next?" Vulgar rudeness!

A well-mothered and wise-mothering woman writes: "My own dear little mother suffered through life with a belief that strangers were repelled by her unpretty face; while her friends and her children loved her face, seeing only the charm of mind and heart that looked forth." Such shun society as if bowing to Milton's dictum, "It is for homely features to stay home." A sensible woman of fifty confesses to her oldest friend that she has all her years been hampered and deterred by the notion that she is dull in comparison with more vivacious and voluble persons; whereas her friends know that she is above the average in brains and brightness and solid good sense. Not a few fine women have been made shy by similar notions. Though they did not visibly pale and grow thin, as did the little lady of the Castle in Browning's "Flight of the Duchess," yet they carried, like her, "a hid chagrin."

Pathetic indeed is Laurence Hutton's account of his sufferings in early life because of his physical peculiarities and the heartless comments on them, which exaggerated them to his conscious-

ness and intensified his pain. For years he was in dread of the coming of February 14, because of the comic valentines he was sure to receive with caricatures of his big, bulbous nose and his red hair. When Thackeray saw him and laid his hand on the boy's head little Laurence thought the great man, like everybody else, was noticing the color of his hair in pity or amusement, and shrank from the touch until he looked up to Thackeray's kindly face and heard him ask gently: "My boy, what are you going to be when you become a man?" When Laurence answered, "A farmer," the big man said, "Well, whatever you are, be a good one."

The sting of early ridicule lingered in Eugenie, ex-empress of France, even to old age. When past sixty she told a young English woman at Chiselhurst: "When a child I was made painfully conscious of my defects, physical and mental; felt myself inferior to my sisters; but was made most ashamed of the color of my hair." Ashamed of that red-gold splendor which was the admiration of the French court in her twenty imperial years!

That famous woman Jane Addams, of Hull House, tells how she pitied her father, whom she considered very handsome, whenever he took her anywhere with him because she was such an Ugly Duckling. She avoided walking with him on the streets, and would let go his hand and stand aside from him in public places, to pre-

vent people from seeing that "ugly pigeon-toed little girl, whose crooked back drew her head very much to one side, was the daughter of that imposing-looking man." The sensitive child wanted to save her adored father from mortification on her account.

Why do we cite a score or more of instances in illustration of a single trait? Simply to show how widely prevalent shyness is and what kind of persons suffer from it most.

One of Lewis Carroll's child friends relates how delightfully kind he was to her when she was seven years old—a thin, nervous, scrawny child and very sensitive about her poor ugly little self. One day in the Botanical Gardens Lewis Carroll told her Hans Andersen's story of the "Ugly Duckling" and impressed on her that it was better to be plain and good and obedient, respectful, truthful and unselfish than to be a pretty child, spoiled, selfish, vain and disagreeable. And he said comfortingly, "Never mind, little Ducky, perhaps some day you will turn out a swan." Such a change is not an infrequent happening. "What a pity you are so homely," said a tactless relative to a growing girl at the ill-proportioned awkward age, when, in Lanier's words, "She do grow owdaciously." She broke that poor child's heart. Twenty-two years later, in that same college town, three gentlemen conversing on the street, lifted their hats to that girl as she passed, and one, a lawyer,

said, "There goes the finest looking woman in town."

What was the idea Rodin, the powerful French sculptor, tried to put into "The Man with a Broken Nose"? Two things plainly visible on it are pain and power. That marred man has not less intellect than Rodin's "Thinker," and has more will. Was Rodin saying that those two things go together; that power is born of pain; that consciousness of outward defect rouses resolution and compacts character; that the soul capitalizes its suffering into capacity and richness of resource? Did this modern artist, who has something of Michael Angelo's ruggedness, get his idea from the spoiled face of that great master sculptor? M. Angelo was in his day "The Man with a Broken Nose," a fellow student named Torrigiana having broken it in a fit of jealous anger in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence. Thackeray was in his day "The Man with a Broken Nose." It was a beautiful aquiline until an older pupil at Charterhouse School hammered it flat with a boot heel. However these wonderings about Rodin's meaning be answered, two things are plain. One is that no disfigurement or defacement, no defect in appearance, can minimize merit or diminish greatness. The other is that educational environment and artistic culture and intellectual atmosphere cannot surely prevent boys or men from being savages.

Why should a man be reviled even in polite circles for his facial nonconformities? Most uncourtly was the behavior of the King's Men when they vented their dislike of an eminent essayist and critic by dubbing him "Pimpled Hazlitt." What philosophical necessity was there for Professor William James to comment on what he called "the flagrant physiognomy" of William Hunt, the artist? "It will require a long time to civilize mankind, to work the ape and tiger out and work the angel in," thought John Muir in the Arctic when he saw his companions shooting polar bears just for the savage sport of killing. With Muir "near to nature's heart meant near to God." He would not needlessly set foot upon a worm, nor purchase his pleasure at cost of suffering to the meanest thing that breathes. John Muir was one of God's own gentlemen.

Some of those who presumably count themselves comely are severe toward the less favored. That perverse, pernicious, pestiferous thinker Nietzsche, disastrous misleader of many German minds, promulgator of ideas which brought ruin to his country, despiser of the Man of Galilee, opposer of the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, was pitiless toward the uncomely. His doctrine is that the world was made for the strongest and the handsomest. His Calvinism is scientific and German. Roughly speaking its reasoning runs toward action thus:

Only the fittest should survive; we are qualified judges of fitness; our judgment is that we ourselves are the fittest; nature decrees that the less fit shall disappear; our duty is to cooperate with nature by accelerating the disappearance of the unfit. Therefore, exterminate them. Attention, company! Fix bayonets! Forward, march! A fair sample of Nietzsche's feeling toward the uncomely is his sneer at Socrates: "He was ugly, and ugliness is often the sign of a thwarted development. The typical criminal and the decadent and defective are ugly. Socrates was a chronic valetudinarian and a mistake."

Of like æsthetic temper with Nietzsche toward the less comely was Wainwright, a dark-haired English artist, who, when arraigned in court for murdering Helen Abercrombie, a tall blonde with yellow hair, shrugged his shoulders and said, coolly: "Yes, it was a dreadful thing to do, but she wasn't pretty and she had very thick ankles." Therefore he felt himself excusable for putting poison in her jelly.

Also we have witnessed most senseless and cruel fastidiousness on the part of our national government. When America entered the war a young man of splendid physique, perfect health and more than average mental ability, left college to give his life to his country. He was refused admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis solely because of a small birthmark

on his face. For a slight surface blemish, in no way affecting his fitness for efficient and handsome service, a first-class man was rejected, his mortification embittered by a feeling of injustice most stupidly inflicted. He had more reason to be ashamed of the senselessness of his government than of himself.

Taking Lincoln by his looks, Nietzsche would have put him in the class with Socrates as "a mistake." Our great Liberator was described by an American contemporary as "a Hoosier Michelangelo, having a face so awful ugly it becomes fascinating with its strange mouth, its deep-cut crisscross lines and doughnut complexion." John Drinkwater makes Lincoln conscious of all this by putting in his mouth the words, "I can take ridicule. I'm trained to it by my odd face and form." Homely and humble Abe Lincoln was murdered by a proud and handsome man, Wilkes Booth. Yet it has come to pass that Americans looking on that gaunt and angular figure feel themselves, like Lowell, "face to face with one of Plutarch's men," and recall without irreverence Isaiah's vision of Jehovah's servant, whose "visage was marred more than any man and his form more than the sons of men." Is there a man on earth today who approaches his stature or resembles

"That kindly-earnest, brave foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American"?

The first, but not the last American. We hear no voice now denying that the rugged, uncomely man who slept and forgot to wake at Oyster Bay, January 6, 1919, was an American. That fine Americanized Briton, Alfred Noyes, with a feeling of part ownership in the Founder of this republic, looking back to our Revolutionary War, speaks of "George Washington, our Englishman, who fought the German king."

Marks of individuality serve to diversify the world. Chesterton insists that there are character, dignity, and distinction in being different from the common run, and that it is one's peculiarities that make one noticeable, interesting, and enjoyable. He says that Rembrandt in his paintings declared the sane and manly gospel that a man is dignified, not when he is like a Greek god, smooth and symmetrical of form and feature, but when his face has individuality, say "A strong, clubby nose like a cudgel, a boldly-blocked square head, and a jaw like a steel-trap. As we like to see a crag jut out in bold decision from the face of the cliff and to see the cedars stand up hardily on the cliff's top, so we like to see a nose jut out decisively and to see a friend's red hair stand up hardily in bristles on his head." We quite agree with Chesterton, and in confirmation of his statement we will e'en admit that we like our Chesterton just as he is, huge and portentous. We would not wish him any less

mountainous nor his hair of any other color, both of which features the newspapers could be relied on to feature when he landed in New York. The reporters on the pier where his ship docked, as he looked down from the upper deck, found him fascinating, and fondly did their best at picturing him. They noted first his dimensions, six-feet-three and proportionately large of girth, but not unshapely or unwieldy; then his red-gray hair, breeze-blown by the river-wind; then his large, pink face with its ruddy nose and the copious red mustache sprawling thereunder; lastly something unexpectedly ethereal about the prodigious great man, a far-visioning look in his innocent, child-like eyes; a strangely buoyant, ready-to-fly expression. Oh, no; taking our Chesterton just as the expert reporters pictured him, we would not alter him one whit; we would not darken or diminish a single hair of his head. Of all our English visitors few have made a sharper impression than Matthew Arnold when he came over to replenish his pocketbook by a lecturing tour and to make a critical study of this middle-class country. It is said that when Arnold learned that the assassin of Lincoln shouted Latin as he fled, *Sic semper tyrannus,* he began to have hope for America. The leaven of culture, if not of sweetness and light, was working. Whitcomb Riley interviewed him in a half day's ride on a train in the West and

recorded his impressions: "Physically heavy, Scotch hair, Scotch eyes, Scotch complexion, mutton-chop whiskers, cow-catcher nose overhanging a basement-story chin; self-sufficient, stolid, yet trying to do better. A joke that tackled him would hide its head in shame and skulk away and weep." Yet, says Riley, "I like his sturdy grandeur." And so do we. The austerity of Arnold's countenance and character are his peculiar charm. A college professor, lecturing on Arnold at a Summer School, was tempted by the demon of malicious mischief to begin by passing around a photograph of that "flower of Oxford," letting the class get its first impression of Arnoldian "sweetness and light" from the man himself. But the professor says: "I checked myself. I dared not let the class see that repellent phiz." Nevertheless, we would not alter one line of it. The preciousness of Arnold was in his sturdy differentness.

And there is our own Bishop Bashford, whom we crown with love and honor. He is described as an awkward country youth, entering the University of Wisconsin, lanky, uncouth, unerect, a butt of ridicule. He never became the glass of fashion or the mold of form, but he kept his characteristics life long, and every one of them endeared him to us. Not one outline or peculiarity would we alter. His stooped shoulders, his odd little lubricating laugh which even in his public speech bubbled without cause like

the spontaneous laughter of a child; his half-lisping utterance, and even his phenomenal, inimitable cough, not one of those would we lose from our memory of Bashford, that apostolic bishop, who had the brain of a sagacious, farsighted statesman, wise with the wisdom that cometh from above, and the pure heart of a child, harmless as a dove, guileless as an angel, a confirming illustration of the lines

"The best men ever prove the wisest too;
Something instinctive guides them still aright."

Not for anything would we have James W. Bashford changed into the likeness of any man we know.

And now, without intending any disrespect, we will inquire of Mr. Handsome Phiz, proud of his fine façade, whether it is, on the whole, an advantage to a man to be conspicuously handsome. And as for prettiness, does anybody admire it in a man? Bishop Fowler lecturing on Abraham Lincoln said, "Next to a mangy dog I hate to see a pretty man."

Which is the more impressive, Adonis or Hercules? The almost girlish grace and beauty of Raphael or the smashed and wrinkled face of his rugged rival, Michael Angelo? James Buchanan's smooth, bland, grandmotherly clerical look, or Lincoln's craggy features and gaunt angular form? The urbane, polite society club man's countenance and well-groomed figure of

Chester A. Arthur; or the knitted, intense, stressful, dynamic face and sinewy, hard-muscled body of Theodore Roosevelt? The suave, affable, courtly pink complaisance and shapely build of Chauncey M. Depew or the nobly rugged head and form of Cleveland H. Dodge? Which of these is most impressive?

Some years ago a certain man was published as being the most perfect specimen of physical symmetry and soundness then existing. By scientific measurements and tests applied by experts he was the prize model of manly grace and beauty. Apparently, that was all there was to say about that pink of perfection. He was never heard of before or since. Victor Emmanuel I was the ugliest man in Italy, but the best king in Europe in his day—the best because the most honest and faithful. He said truly, "I don't pretend to be wise, but I always keep my word." His signed pledge was not "a scrap of paper." He towers high forever above the despicably wicked gang of intentional, habitual, incorrigible liars who ruled and ruined Germany and incurred the contempt and abhorrence of the civilized world.

Tennyson describes Maud, passing in her carriage, as "Perfectly beautiful, faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null. Dead perfection, no more." Not such have been the mothers of the strong, wise, great men of the earth. None of them were born of peacocks or

fashion plates and few were mothered by female beauties. Not such was the mother of King Lemuel, who gave her son the immortal description of the ideal woman preserved for all generations in that wonderful last chapter of the book of Proverbs. It is a portraiture of sterling character, not of superficial charms. Grace and beauty are not dwelt upon. The only mention of them says they are deceitful and vain. It is a portrait of a womanhood compact of sterling virtues and imperishable values, a woman that feareth the Lord, undeniably magnificent. She laughs at time to come, for her ineffable charms are such as age cannot wither. Her husband and her children will always rise up to call her blessed, and her works will praise her in the gates. Before the most august assemby of men and angels she has no reason to be shy or abashed, this truly ideal woman. And great is her reward in heaven.

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